

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The most important national result of the elections of November 2 was the gain made by the Democrats in the Senate and the lesser gain achieved in the House. In the Senate the Democrats won seven new seats, one each from Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Arizona, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Missouri. The last five represent seats won back from gains made by the Republicans in the Harding landslide six years ago. The Massachusetts election, in which David I. Walsh succeeded to the seat left vacant by the death of Senator Lodge and held for two years by Senator Butler through appointment of a Republican Governor, had a peculiar national significance because Senator Butler appealed for election for the reason given by him that his defeat would mean repudiation by the State of President Coolidge. Senator Butler was also chairman of the Republican National Committee. The New York election brought about the defeat of Senator Wadsworth, who had been in the Senate twelve years, had an excellent reputation and held important committee assignments. Senator-elect Wagner was brought in on the landslide-vote of confidence in Governor Smith,

and was helped by the split among Republicans over the dry issue.

The next result of the elections for the Senate gives the Democrats forty-seven seats, the Republicans forty-eight (if Maine elects a Republican to the vacancy) and the Farmer Labor Party one, Senator Shipstead. Thus with the help of the vote of Vice-President Dawes, the Republicans will be able to organize the Senate. Two obstacles, however, stand in the way of control, for on the one hand it is freely predicted that Senators-elect Vare, of Pennsylvania, and Smith, of Illinois, will not be seated, because of accusations of large amounts of money spent in the primaries; and on the other, several of those who call themselves Republicans are such only in name. In the elections for the House of Representatives, the Republicans retained a majority, though the Democrats made a net gain of twelve. This actual majority, however, of forty-two will be cut to a working majority of eighteen or twenty, because of various insurgent groups.

One of the unusual features of the election was the referendum held in eight States on various features of Prohibition, in which nearly seven million votes were cast. Five of these eight States went overwhelmingly wet. New York and Illinois voted to ask Congress to allow the States to decide what alcoholic content constitutes an intoxicating beverage. Nevada and Wisconsin adopted a similar proposal. Montana voted to repeal the State Prohibition law. California, Missouri and Colorado went dry, but the wet vote in the latter State was surprisingly high. Political observers asserted that this shows a mounting sentiment against Prohibition, and that it will be impossible to keep the question out of the national Conventions two years hence.

The last aspect of the elections with a national color has to do with the Presidential aspirations of several prospective candidates in the two parties. In the Democratic Party the principal of these were Governor Smith of New York, Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, Governor Donahey and Atlee Pomerene, of Ohio. Judging by the usual criterion of support in their own States, Smith comes out still stronger than before, Ritchie also strong, Donahey still in the running but weakened, and Pomerene out of it. In the Republican Party, because of Butler's defeat and the loss of

Senate control, the President is considered to be weakened, and Senator Wadsworth, a prominent aspirant, eliminated for the present.

Austria.—Vienna Socialists formulated a new program. From being one of the most radical parties in Europe, outside of the Russian Bolsheviks, they resolved to practise moderation. They found that peasants refused to sell food to Vienna and in other ways seriously jeopardized the Socialist prospects. With a new determination to make every possible effort to capture the country for Socialism the party disavowed all desire for violent revolutionary tactics and proletarian dictatorship, pledging itself to use democratic methods and abide by democratic institutions. The main aim of the new tactics will be to win over the peasants and the small "bourgeoisie" and intellectual workers. Dr. Bauer, introducing the new program to the Socialist Congress which had just met in Vienna, stated that the Bolshevik hopes for a world revolution had proved illusory, while some authorities thought—evidently against all the Marxian dogmas—that capitalism was only on the point of flowering instead of running to seed. He therefore acknowledged the necessity of changing the Socialist strategic program which had done service before the war but would now be futile. It is the old Socialist story, that principles do not matter, but expediency is the one object to be kept in view. On the same ground, attacks against religion were to be avoided.

Canada.—Fourteen members of the Mackenzie King Cabinet were re-elected, on November 2, to their seats in Parliament by acclamation. These by-elections were held in accordance with the Canadian procedure which necessitates members holding Ministerial positions going before the people for re-election. Premier King himself and Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, both of whom were at the time overseas, were among those elected. Mr. King represents the Prince Albert constituency and Mr. Lapointe, Quebec East. There is talk of introducing a bill in the coming Parliament doing away with the necessity of holding Ministerial by-elections within three months of a general election.

Germany.—The sensation of the week consisted in the disclosures made in connection with the trials of the eleven men accused of complicity in the murder of Paul Groschike, a private soldier, who was killed by the Feme of the Black Reichswehr. The slain youth had been wrongly suspected of being a Communist spy and was put to death after barbarous tortures. The men indicted for delivering him over to the vengeance of the Feme were Lieutenant Schulz, the alleged head of the organization, and three ac-

complices said to be responsible for carrying out his edicts. It was charged that more than a score of men, believed to be dangerous to the military plans of his organization, were put to death at his incitement or order. Yet the matter, it was held at the trial, could not be brought before the Supreme Court itself because the Black Reichswehr had originally been legally, although secretly, organized for the protection of the German Eastern frontier. At the time of its organization, it was claimed, this military body was not directed against the security of the Republic, nor at the time when the murder was committed. Later it became distinctly anti-Republican and was subsequently disbanded. Originally, it was further claimed, it had been under the direct order of the German High Command. For this reason Dr. Gessler, German Minister of War, formally denied that the Black Reichswehr was under the national Reichswehr command, but assumed the full responsibility for having created that body. His explanation was that the German army, at that period, could not be recruited to its full strength allowed by the Treaty of Versailles, and he therefore countenanced special military formations, among which was the Black Reichswehr.

Great Britain.—There were reports that economic pressure and the approach of winter were dividing the contending elements in the protracted strike in the direction of peace. Nothing, however, of importance transpired. Mr. Churchill intimated that the Government might help the miners to obtain a settlement irrespective of the wishes of the owners, if they submitted satisfactory proposals for its consideration. Mr. Baldwin, however, was quoted as saying that the Government is against forcing peace and that the industry must stand on its own feet. Meanwhile the Soviet Russian trades unions voted to send a further million rubles to the suffering miners and the miners' Federation itself voted an additional subsidy. It was estimated that some 270,000 miners were back in the pits and that more than 1,000,000 tons of coal a week were being mined. This new condition led to a slight increase in the Government's domestic coal ration.

Members of the Imperial Conference continued their sittings mostly in committee meetings, there being no general assembly of the conference proper.

Imperial Conference. The nationality of British women married to aliens was one of the subjects that occupied much discussion. The development of air service between the mother country and the Dominions also received considerable attention. Speculation continued about the attitude of the various delegates regarding the autonomy of their respective territories, especially South Africa.

Greece.—Dispatches from Athens announced that the Supreme Council of Inquiry investigating the con-

New
Socialist
Program

Drags On
Strike

King's
Cabinet
Confirmed

Feme
Murder
Trial

Pangalos' Trial
duct of former President Pangalos and his Ministers decided to call for a separate inquiry into the ex-President's action in ordering the invasion of Bulgarian territory at the time of the Greco-Bulgarian frontier incident. On all other points the Council found insufficient evidence to prosecute M. Pangalos and there were rumors that he would finally be absolved from every charge.

Mussolini's Sixth Escape
Italy.—"Nothing can happen to me before my task is done," was the word sent, with the gift of his bullet-pierced sash of the Order of St. Lazarus, by Mussolini to Bologna, after the sixth unsuccessful attempt on his life in four years, and the third in six months. Leaving the city, just after inaugurating the Congress for the Advancement of Science, and reviewing in the new Stadium, the *Littorale*, what he characterized as the greatest manifestation yet of Fascist power, the Premier was shot at by an eighteen-year old boy, Andrea Zamboni. The bullet, though it left a hole in his sash, barely grazed his breast. The boy, however, was instantly seized amid terrific outcries from the immense crowd of 100,000 people, and in a few moments was crushed, beaten and stabbed to death with fourteen wounds. The consequence of this series of attempts was a furious outbreak of resentment all over Italy on the part of the Fascists, some of which manifestations on the border between Italy and France have caused anxiety to the French Government. "Death to the enemy," was demanded by Secretary General Turati in Rome, in an address to fifty thousand Fascists in that city, saying that "the ring of responsibility, the center of influence, exists at home and abroad, and it must be destroyed ruthlessly." Death sentences were demanded for Deputy Zaniboni and General Capello, now in custody for plotting against the life of the Premier, and for Gino Lucelli, who hurled a bomb against him in September.

Disastrous Forebodings
Mexico.—Though almost the only dispatches allowed over the wires from Mexico had to do with the religious dispute, private advices continued to bring dire tidings of economic disaster as well as of official oppression. The political situation in the capital cleared somewhat with the vote to amend the Constitution of 1917 so as to allow a former President to be re-elected. The former President, of course, is Obregon, and rumor freely related a compact between Obregon and Calles, whereby they will rotate in office. One is as bad as the other, and neither was apparently held back by the ironical fact that after fifteen years of fighting for no re-elections the revolutionists themselves have changed the sacrosanct Constitution in this respect. Meanwhile news also came of uprisings in various places, notably in Oaxaca, apparently spontaneous and caused by the great breeder of revolu-

tions, dire want. The national Treasury is reported to be empty, in spite of the enormous tribute paid in by the concessionaries, and charges were circulated that those in power have their eye on the Bank of Mexico. All this will undoubtedly have an adverse effect on Mexican Bonds, held in large measure by certain American bankers. The crops, that is, whatever was planted, very little, are reported to be a failure, and the consequent large importations will have a depressing effect on exchange. No sign, however, was given that the American supporters of Calles were losing their patience. Rumors were heard that Ambassador Sheffield would not return, and disquieting reports came out that Charles Beecher Warren would take his place, though the latter would be very unwelcome to the large majority of Mexicans, who look on him as in part responsible for their woes.

Chamorro Resigns
Nicaragua.—Conferences between Government and revolutionary representatives initiated under the auspices of the American officials in Managua brought about the resignation of General Chamorro from the Presidency and the reappointment as provisional President of Señor Uriza. Subsequently Conservative leaders solicited from the United States its support for the provisional Government during the period of reconstruction. This aid was deemed necessary to withstand expeditions coming from Mexico. It was understood that the Mexican steamship Palomita having on board armed forces and military supplies had joined other vessels at Puerto Cabezas and that other Mexican expeditions were en route. The rebels wish the United States troops to withdraw from El Bluff and Bluefields on the east coast, asserting that with Mexican reinforcements the entire stretch of territory would fall into their hands. Former President Chamorro evidenced a desire to lead his troops against the rebels.

Monarchist Rumors
Poland.—The country was considerably agitated over Marshal Pilsudski's royal gesture in attending the Monarchist banquet. The Sejm, in particular, was incensed over an order said to have been issued by the Marshal that at the reading of a certain presidential decree all the members of that parliamentary body were to rise from their seats. Rumors were even heard of a possible royalist coup. Monarchist leaders are in fact said to have made the definite offer of a crown to Pilsudski, since there is no legal successor to the last King of Poland, Poniatowski. So far there was evidently no reply to the regal offer made to Pilsudski, or at all events none that had been published to the world. Some believed the Marshal had in reality no leanings in this direction, but was using his relations with the Monarchists for quite another purpose. The Red papers openly ridiculed "Pilsudski Augustus." In spite of all this political uncer-

tainty the country remained at peace and efforts were being made to solve domestic and foreign problems in the best way that seemed possible under the circumstances.

Papal Activities

Rome.—A definite seal has been placed by the Holy Father on his avowed intention, recommended to the prayers of the whole world for the month of November, of promoting a native clergy in foreign lands. Nothing can so impress on the world, especially on the Chinese themselves, his sincerity in that respect as did the consecration by Pope Pius XI personally, on October 30, of three native Chinese priests to the Episcopate. The priests are Mgr. Philip Tchao, who was elected Titular Bishop of Vaga and Apostolic Vicar of Suan-kwa-fu; Mgr. Melchior Souen, Apostolic Prefect of Ly-Hsien, who was elected Titular Bishop of Esbon, and Mgr. Odoric Tch'en, Apostolic Prefect of Pu-chi, who was elected Titular Bishop of Cotenna. In thus entrusting the destinies of Chinese Christians to prelates of their own race and nation, the Holy Father is rightly hailed as inaugurating a new era in the history of the Church in China.—The following day, October 30, His Holiness officiated at the marriage of his niece, Luisa Ratti, to the Marquis Eduardo Persichetti Ugolini. The ceremony took place in the Matilde Hall of the Vatican, and was attended by the families of the bridal couple, the Cardinal Secretary of State, the Diplomatic Corps, and other guests to the number of about 100. In his brief address to the bride and groom after the ceremony, Pope Pius dwelt on the danger of worldliness and its fashions as inimical to God and His Church.

Administration Triumphs

Russia.—Russian anti-Bolshevik newspapers, such as the Parisian *Posledniya Novosti*, continue to taunt the leaders of the Opposition in the Communist party, Trotzky, Kamenev, and Zinoviev, for their abject "capitulation" to the inflexible Stalin. At the Communist Party Convention on November 1 conciliatory speeches were made by Kamenev and others prominent in the Opposition. Even the intransigent "Worker's Opposition," led by Medvedev and Shliapnikov, made peace and recanted. Trotzky indignantly denied that he was in any way guilty of the sin of disloyalty to his party. In general, Stalin is credited with trying to pursue a sort of middle course: in Russia, to conciliate the peasants by not exacting the extreme fulfilment of Communist principles; but abroad, to be less inclined to go out of his way to attract foreign capital than is thought to be the case with the Opposition policy.

Spain.—Credit was given to a French police commissary for bringing to naught a proposed Catalan revolution, to be engineered by youthful Catalan in-

Catalan Revolt Foiled

tellectuals. Having ferreted out the activities of the revolutionary leaders in Paris, the policeman accompanied them in their final excursion as far as Perpignan in France, where with the assistance of cooperating officers the entire party was then arrested. Moreover during a surprise raid on November 4, Colonel Francisco Macia, former Spanish Deputy and leader of the Catalan independence movement, was arrested in the little village of Prats de Mello in the French Pyrenees. With him were eleven young men, as his general staff, who had expected to lead the Catalan march on Madrid after winning over Catalonia.

Economic Statistics

League of Nations.—Interesting statistics were compiled by League experts for the use of the preparatory commission for the International Economic Conference. Europe's population was shown to have increased by only one per cent since 1913, while world population and trade have increased five per cent. The population of North America increased over twenty per cent, and South American population slightly exceeded this. World trade is shown as shifting towards the Pacific. Production of foodstuffs, exclusive of China, and of raw materials, is now probably sixteen to eighteen per cent in excess of that in 1913, although European trade is still ten per cent below her prewar level. Central Europe is rapidly advancing with trade now reaching seventy-five per cent of its prewar level, and production about par. Together with the shifting of the center of gravity in world trade from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Britain's trade balance has sunk considerably, being in a worse condition in 1925 than in 1924, although England has regained a considerable amount of South American commerce. The United States and India are buying less from Europe and more from Asia. China and Japan are buying less from Europe and more from North America.

In this issue Juan Diaz, who speaks from personal experience, tells the true story of the ruin brought on industry and labor alike by the Bolshevik Government of Mexico. Next week, he will tell the equally sad story of the disastrous interference of Calles in the agrarian question.

The recent fire at Santa Clara, California, is the occasion of William I. Lonergan's article "Mission Santa Clara Passes."

William Walsh in "Lay Infallibility" will add another to his recent articles, which he himself calls "A few grapes from the thorns of unbelief."

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Truth and Lies About Mexico

THE Mexican question continues to be the most pressing problem facing the United States today. These words are not spoken without full deliberation. The future of Christian civilization itself in that country, and in Central America and South America, too, depends on the attitude finally adopted by the American people towards the military despotism now ruling through Calles. Yet our people, including some Catholics, have been fooled to the top of their bent by Mexican propagandists and their American sympathizers, to be found mostly in the Ku-Klux variety of citizens because of the religious situation.

For instance, it has been made to appear that practically the only thing disturbing Mexico today is the religious struggle. Repeat this to the first Mexican you meet and you will see a look of mingled incredulity and sadness come over his face—incredulity, that we can be so easily deceived, sadness, that lies should be so triumphant. The truth is that every class of Mexican, from the peon to the millionaire, is suffering the pressure of tyranny, not only in the field of religion but in every form of human activity. Banditry and other assorted forms of murder and robbery, approved and abetted by the Government, have never been so rampant in that wretched country as they are right now. In every corner of the land upright men are daily losing life or property or freedom, merely for openly asserting the possession of inalienable rights guaranteed men by Constitution in every civilized country on earth.

This is the unanimous assertion of every one who comes out of Mexico, be he American or Mexican, Catholic or Protestant, yet the only news allowed by the very strict censorship to come over the wires is that relating to the religious struggle. The purpose of this is plain, and we ought not to be deceived by it. If Calles can make it appear that the only ones in Mexico standing in the way of pacification

and the realization of a high-sounding social reform (God save the mark!) are a group of brawling and scheming priests, if he can keep the religious dispute boiling in this country, he will have achieved his purpose. Nobody will have any eyes for the looting and the murder and the general infamies that are actually being committed. The Church comes into it, chiefly because it has the glory of being practically the only force bold enough to raise its voice against the principles and the men inspired by them, who have brought that miserable country to the brink of ruin for their own unspeakable purposes. Education, forsooth! and irrigation and road-building and all the rest of it, that is for American consumption only, and the gringo has always found the yankee remarkably easy to hoodwink. If he can deceive a man like John Dewey, all the merrier. He can risk the accusation of religious persecutor, but he will not bear the revelation of the true state of affairs. And when the country finally falls apart from sheer rottenness, it will be too late to do anything about it.

To the Rescue!

WHAT the attitude of American Catholics should be regarding the Mexican question is sufficiently clear from the letter of sympathy of the Hierarchy in September and from the announcement of the Pastoral Letter to follow. Yet there is a certain group of diocesan papers, echoing each other, whose editors have seen fit to throw cold water on our sympathy, to speak as if the Church were to blame for it all, and in one flagrant case, actually to pose as the defender of Calles himself. Sinister hints of alliance with oil-men are like that other accusation of friendship for the brewer, and this Review at least can afford to smile at both of them. Nor, we hope, will any single Catholic cease doing everything he can to defend our fellow-Catholics in Mexico, who are merely fighting the fight of decency and good government, and of all civil, political and religious liberty.

But how can we help them? The smoke of the elections has drifted away, and the papers are free again, at least until the opening of Congress. We may expect that the defamers of the Church in Mexico will invade them again in force. Not an editorial, not a letter, not a news-story should go unanswered. If they are answered by a cloud of witnesses, all the better. When the old charges of wealth, illiteracy, extortion, political power, are repeated, they should be hit. The facts are sufficiently clear by now, and any one who has followed the Catholic press is in a position to do it. Only let him be short, courteous, good-humored and to the point, and he will "get in," or he should know the reason why.

The big problem is to bring the truth before the non-Catholic world, and there is no better way to do this than to show it that this is no mere religious row that is being fought, but a life-and-death struggle to preserve on this continent the American principles of justice and right. Once the American public is enlightened to this fact, we can expect quick results. Allow Calles and his

propagandists to hoodwink the public further, to cover up his delinquencies by a specious appeal to progress and social reform, and freedom is a long way off. Every effort in the power of man must be made to show up the horrible and cynical irony of murderers and looters posing as benefactors, of the oppressors of women and children parading as social reformers. The reality of life in Mexico today is too terrible to be believed, but we can at least bring out some measure of it.

Can the State Do Wrong?

A WRITER whose syndicated column occasionally amuses but sometimes offends, writes that the State can never do wrong. "Why, if it so wishes," Bruno Lesing exclaims, "the State may permit suicide."

The school from which this writer drew his inspiration is neither Christian nor American. Unfortunately, as a result of half a century and more of a false philosophy propagated chiefly by our colleges and universities, it now has a fair standing in this country. Yet nothing could be more incongruous, since this Government of ours came into being because of a conviction on part of our forefathers that all men were endowed by their Creator with certain rights which States could outrage. In other words, they held that the State could do wrong; and they concluded that any Government which persisted in invading these rights should be corrected, resisted, and, if necessary, "changed." "It is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government," proclaimed the Declaration.

The theory that the individual has no inherent rights, but only a permission, revocable at the will of a majority, entitling him to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, was not popular among those early Americans. "Absolute and arbitrary power over the lives, liberty and property of free men exists nowhere in a republic," wrote the author of the Declaration of Independence, "*not even in the largest majority.*" They considered it obvious that the Government could absolve neither itself nor others from the obligation to obey the fundamental laws of truth and justice. "We ought not, therefore, to separate the science of public law from that of ethics, not to encourage the dangerous suggestion that governments are not as strictly bound by the obligations of truth, justice, and humanity, in relation to the other powers, as they are in the management of their own local concerns," wrote an early commentator, Chancellor Kent. "States or bodies politic are to be considered as moral persons, having a public will, *capable and free to do right and wrong*, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries with him into the service of the community the same binding law of morality and religion which ought to control his conduct in private life."

Plainly, this great jurist does not admit that the State can do no wrong. Nor do our courts. The ultimate purpose of all State and Federal tribunals is to preserve in their integrity, as far as this guarantee can be offered by the civil power, the rights enumerated, or included by implication, in the State and Federal Constitutions.

Among these rights are those which the individual holds by the very fact that he is a human being. Thus in the famous decision in the Oregon case, among others, the Supreme Court recognized the existence of these rights and enforced the obligation resting upon the State of Oregon to respect them, in spite of the majority vote in that State to destroy them.

The movement to Americanize the immigrant is laudable, if it means an attempt to induce the immigrant to bring himself into conformity with our ideals of government. More important, however, is the movement, in which comparatively few are interested, to Americanize our secular colleges and universities. Not content with debarring religion, they also dispense with the Declaration, the Constitution, and the most vital principles of our existence as a Government.

The Double-Jeopardy Decision

DISCUSSION of the Prohibition referenda in eight of the States may be left for another occasion. It will here suffice to observe that six of these States do not find the Volstead arrangement, now ending its seventh year, satisfactory. New York, an empire in area, population, wealth and influence, is the most emphatic of all in asking Congress to put an end to an era of hypocrisy and intemperance fostered by a mendacious Federal statute.

The possibility of double prosecution for the same offense is among the many anomalies of the Volstead act. Jeopardy is not that terrible condition, described by the little girl as "being in the state of a jeopard." Now that the Supreme Court has, in a sense, stamped the double jeopardy process with the seal of its approval, it is something more real and fearsome.

In this case, which came up from Louisiana, it was held that a bootlegger prosecuted by the Federal Government for an offense against the Volstead act might also be prosecuted by the State of Louisiana since the same offense violated the State law. It is true that the Fifth Amendment provides " . . . nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb." But this Amendment, as the Court properly held, binds the Federal Government only, and places no inhibition upon any State. The Federal Government may not aim two tries at a bootlegger, but at the conclusion of the first, the State may have another go at him; or vice-versa. Thus he is "subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy," but not by the same authority.

To the average citizen this difference is like that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. But it is good law, and the Supreme Court could not have ruled otherwise without invading the right of any State, having a Prohibition law, to teach the bootlegger that the way of the transgressor is hard.

District Attorney Buckner of New York writes that he has never heard of a case where the Federal Government has "demanded an encore for trials conducted by any State."

This is true; but the peril is that an encore can always be demanded. The decision does not *impose* double jeopardy, but it opens a way by which offenders may be twice punished for the same act. This process does not appear to be in keeping with our traditions.

Flapper Freedom

THE younger generation is demanding freedom, but from what it wishes to be free is not wholly clear. The Declaration of Independence that thunders in the index and fumbles in the text is not worth much. A "flapper" can think herself independent even when she depends daily on a row of pots of paints and pomades. Her flag of freedom is a pair of lips that imitate a gash hastily inflicted by an unskilled surgeon. Her liberty hall is a beauty parlor where she sits in bondage to a parcel of barbers who put mud on her face and pull out her eyebrows.

It has not been noted, however, that the younger generation wishes to be freed from parental ties to the extent of haughtily refusing parental subsidy in the form of food, vesture, and sleeping-quarters.

Possibly these young people confound freedom, which is a noble endowment, with that natural propensity sometimes referred to as taking the line of least resistance, but, more correctly, as laziness and self-indulgence.

We should welcome a campaign for freedom conducted by our young people along certain clear and definite lines. Why not be free from vanity, conceit and pettiness? Why not shake off the chains that make happiness dependent upon a dress, a dance, or an automobile?

The achievement of this independence would liberate the individual. The freedom which consists in dependence upon what ministers to self-gratification is bondage.

Poverty Among Wage-Earners

FOR some months the politicians have been issuing bulletins to inform us of the prosperity which we enjoy. The report of the Social Service Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, released on November 2, comes as an antidote to this misleading propaganda.

The Department concedes that wages are now higher than at any time in the past. But its investigations show that nearly fifty per cent of all male wage-earners are not making a family living-wage. About the same proportion of women wage-earners are not receiving enough to support themselves in reasonable comfort.

It is commonly said that ours is the wealthiest country in the world. But how widely is this wealth distributed? Financial power concentrated in the hands of a small minority does not lead to national prosperity. It is a condition that leads to national ruin.

Leo XIII pointed out that all governments should strive, and indeed are bound to strive, to establish conditions under which a frugal and industrial worker can live in becoming comfort. He ought to receive enough to enable him to exercise his rights as a man and a citizen. He should be able to marry and to provide for his family. But the worker who can win nothing but a wage that in-

sure the existence of his family from day to day, cannot be said to "provide" for his family. To provide implies that he must be able to lay something aside for time of sickness and other extraordinary expenses, and for old age.

If nearly half our workers are barely making ends meet, they are not "providing." When a still larger percentage of workers receive a stipend which does not maintain them in a state of reasonable comfort, to boast of our national wealth is to taunt the poor with their misery.

This Review has taken frequent occasion to point out the social and political peril which arises when wealth and the sources of wealth are permitted to accumulate in the pockets of the rich. For this it has been accused of radicalism, Communism, Socialism, and of other aberrations from orthodoxy which need not be set down here.

In a sense all these charges are true. A radical is merely one who goes to the root of the matter under discussion. We should be glad to think that any effort of ours brought nearer that form of communism taught by the Saviour of the world and His Apostles. And if Socialism means companionship, every Catholic is a socialist, since he is a follower of the God-Man who by teaching us to call God our Father, taught us to give all men the love and close companionship that belongs to brothers.

Results of Fair Play

SOMEHOW in all the discussion about sectarian and non-sectarian education, we sometimes miss a very practical side to the question. What will be the increased efficiency of *all* our schools in an arrangement where every child does enjoy his full rights as church member in every school in the country? What advantage, from the viewpoint of efficiency, do countries enjoy where the Catholic and Protestant alike obtain from the public-school system a full recognition of their religious status?

Such recognition has been granted in Holland for 35 years, by the school law passed on December 8, 1889, and confirmed again October 9, 1920. This law provides that payments should be made to private schools from public funds, in proportion to the number of students in such schools, and other provisions are made fully safeguarding the complete religious prerogatives of all the children from an educational standpoint.

As one proof of the good results of the system since it went into effect, there has been a notable decrease of illiteracy.

In 1892 there were 10 per cent of illiterates in Holland.

In 1900 there were 2.71 per cent of illiterates in Holland.

In 1910 there were 10 per cent of illiterates in Holland.

French Catholics look with envy on the equitable school law of Holland. And they point out that even M. Herriot, as Minister of Public Instruction, demonstrated some time ago with statistics in hand that though prodigious sums had been spent on the public schools, there was an appalling percentage of illiteracy in France.

The Truth About the Mexican Labor Movement

JUAN DIAZ

IT will be rather difficult to understand, without an explanation from the point of view of North American opinion, what the revolutionary Government of Mexico has done to distort the modern principles of the social uplift of the lower classes and in particular of industrial workers.

The idea of mutual cooperation and of gaining a living by honest effort has been slowly squeezed out of the Mexican lower class, thanks to the continuous work of Revolutionary Governments, who in that southern country have done nothing but spread Communist and Bolshevik doctrines. These have tried to make political organizations out of the laborers' organizations, using them to support their power and to sacrifice, as they have shamefully done, the laboring classes to the profit of dastardly political leaders, who, merely to get in power, have called themselves laborers.

The present-day world is caught by the realization of the natural feeling in humanity to better itself and to progress, and the social evolution of our times has spread over all the countries of the world the ideal of cooperation and work, as the only means to reach real progress and true welfare.

This world-wide problem has, most certainly, existed in Mexico and has grown there as well as in all the countries of the globe, but actually it has in that country characteristics and colors absolutely different from what people in the United States think.

The Mexican revolution that has, during these last years, enthroned in power Governments whose tendencies are markedly Communist, in its dealing with the problem of the bettering of the laborers has absolutely forgotten the ideal of humanity that seeks the bettering of these classes through cooperation with capital, without which industries cannot develop and spread. Those Governments have only had in mind to organize the laborers in such a way that at any time they may be used as they please to drive them along the political road on which their leaders ride, leaders that are more than laborers, that are professional politicians working for their own personal interest.

This is the only way to explain how in the present economic disaster of the Mexican laborers, they are still united and at the service of the political institution called the Mexican Labor Party (*Partido Laborista Mexicano*), which is the most solid civic support of the actual revolutionary Government.

From the beginning, the process by which the leaders tried to bring about the union of the workmen, was to support all their claims against the capitalists regarding increases of salary, participation in profits, number of working hours and selection of employees, and they never stopped to think when imposing these demands either to measure their magnitude, or to study the possible profit or loss in each line of business. They did not consider that industrial ruin would be the natural sequel to this, because they knew that they would have plenty of followers, by fomenting their ambition with high salaries during the first few years, even if these could not be kept up without injuring the prosperity of the enterprises. They did not foresee that these conditions could not prevail for an indefinite length of time and that when the death of industrial and manufacturing enterprises came their efforts to get back the lost ground and to repair the wrong done would be useless.

The first means used to win the union and sympathies of the workmen was to shut their eyes to all excesses and to give their official backing to the outrageous behavior of the agitators who were used as tools to secure the control and union of the working people.

It is necessary to point out that the member of the Mexican lower classes, the workman in the shop and in front of the machine, is a very poorly educated man always unconscious of the politics of his country, and for whom the idea of saving money does not exist and never existed. The Mexican workman spends his weekly salary to the last cent and lives, poorly or richly, without a thought to the future and without any aspirations.

It is easy to understand how during the first steps to the formation of the laborers' organizations, when robbery and violence were the means, the politicians got hold of the minds and wills of the workmen in such a way that they created a complete organization that meant an indomitable power against which the struggles for life of the capitalists were useless.

When the economic ruin that is the natural consequence of the destruction of the principle of respect for property arrived, the industrial enterprises and the factories went to the courts asking for protection to prevent their going bankrupt, but the Government recognized as law the procedure used by the workmen's organizations to impose their will.

It was in such a way that the so-called Commissions of Conciliation and Arbitration to solve differences between

labor and capital, got their present all-embracing power, there being no appeals and resources against their decisions.

The enterprises and the factories have not found any way to prevent their ruin and their going bankrupt, and now, divided from the laborers, they have had to behold, little by little, their businesses creep into paralysis.

It is well known, all over the United States, how frequently there occur strikes in various lines of industry in view of the demands of the workmen and the impossibility of the companies' agreeing with them. It is well known also how the Government has always taken sides in favor of the laborers even when what they ask is unjust and dangerous to the industry and general economic conditions of the country.

This ruin has found its solution in the same way as is found for all the problems on which the life of men or countries depend.

The Government, moving the workmen at its will, instigates them to make new demands every day, and prevents from working, by every means in its power, those upon whom it cannot count. But the workman, knowing that asking too much means ruin for the company, that it will shut down and that he will not be able to find work in any other place, while apparently backing all the acts of the Government and showing his support in return for all the help and support that he is getting, makes a private agreement with the companies under reasonable conditions, with a view to keeping alive the organization whence comes his food.

This is possible with a great number of small concerns and enterprises whose work has no great importance, but in all those organizations in which the Government wants control, in all those that have a real value in the country, the workman does not go back at all, following unconditionally the instructions of the Government, even if he sacrifices himself.

As can be seen from this explanation, the workman apparently is on the side of the Government because if he does not take this side he will starve, but he naturally realizes that the Government is using him as a tool without a thought either to his or his country's improvement.

So the human ideal of the bettering of the laborers has been violated, because to attain this it is necessary to try and get simultaneously the progress of the factories and industries where the laborers work. But the political leaders of the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (C. R. O. M.) have never taken this fact in consideration, since what they were really trying to attain was to have the greatest number of men to enlist as soldiers when necessary, or to vote for them in an unconditional and servile way.

Very intelligently, and knowing that the world's opinion is that the workmen's organizations should be social and not political bodies, simultaneously with the formation of the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (C. R. O. M.) they organized the so called Labor Party, trying to make people believe that each of these organizations has a

different ideal and that their efforts belong to absolutely different lines of human activities.

But this is a lie that only foreign countries, judging our conditions from a distance, can believe, particularly since the newspapers, under the control of organized labor, are entirely handicapped because the workmen, following definite orders, would not dare print anything that would give an idea of the real conditions, for if they did, they would lose their jobs and the bread of their families.

But any Mexican that is told that the Labor Party and the C. R. O. M. are two different things, will laugh at you, because he knows for a fact that the laborers' leaders are the political leaders, that both organizations have the same bureaus and offices, that the same employees do the work for each, and that all are paid by the Government, which is their lord and master.

In the face of the last religious conflict with which the Government has wounded the feelings of ninety per cent of the Mexican people, who are Catholics and have been for centuries, the political leaders have tried to make it appear that the workers' parties are on their side, by forcing the laborers to go to the public meetings and to back up their declarations under penalty of starvation, but a great majority, even at the risk of losing their jobs, have strongly protested against this official oppression.

Therefore, and in opposition to the general opinion of the people in the United States, the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor, which along with the American Federation of Labor is affiliated to the Pan-American Federation, is not an institution seeking the social and economic bettering of the laborers but a political tool, with Bolshevist and Communist tendencies, which the present Government and its political leaders have handled as they want as a means to reach their present position. They have used the power of the organizations to destroy the richness and prosperity of the country, the industries and the factories, for the present economic ruin is in great part due to the blows against industry and commerce by these institutions that, at the same time injure the workmen and destroy capital. But then they are only following the same tendencies as modern Russia.

TIDINGS

Ay . . . they've brought word of him
From where the poor lad lies,
But all they say, 'tis naught to me
Save only the few words caught for me
Just when they closed his eyes.

They, with their big brave talk!
(I'll not hear Brian again.)
And how they glorify his deed—
Such babblement, while I that plead
For tears must wait in vain.

Oh, I'll steal to the green fields,
And say the words out loud
Somewhere alone, in God's own hush,
And maybe then the tears will gush:
Not now can I be proud.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

The Individual Smashes the Law

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

IN rapid succession I had read two stories, a novel by one of America's most distinguished novelists and a short story by one of England's successful dramatists. They left me puzzled. It was not that the stories presented sin. Great literature can no more escape the existence of sin than it can escape the fact of death. What puzzled me was that they presented sin as if sin were really of no moral consequence; in fact, the short-story writer seemed to feel it more than a bit splendid.

In the novel the hero, under circumstances not of his own choosing, ran away with another man's wife. In the story the heroine after a brutal marriage, cut through the tangled knot with a bullet for her husband and one for herself.

In neither case was there even a hint that what they had done might be immoral or wrong. The man was shocked to find he lusted after his friend's wife; the thing jarred his sense of honor; but when he came to do it, beyond the betrayal of a friend, he took it as calmly as borrowing a cigarette or asking the loan of a Ford. The lady of the murder and suicide was laid in an honorable grave and upon her breast the hero dropped the three pearls he was saving for "her most faithful heart." No hint that turning a pistol upon even a brutal man and then upon oneself was not the natural thing for an abused lady to do.

I was puzzled; but, I consoled myself, this is fiction. I laid aside my reading, and the man who had just taken the upper in my compartment began to talk. He was a consulting physician, European trained, keen for his work, impressed with his opportunities for good, and, in addition, a Sunday-school teacher in a Protestant church. "A sort of medical confessor," he summarized as he began to tell me story after story of his patients and their strange experiences.

Finally he came to what he considered his prize story.

"A woman rushed into my office one day with the conviction that her life was shattered. She had just discovered from an old packet of letters that her husband had been married before, that his wife was still alive, and that he had consequently never been really married to her."

The doctor touched essentials in the history of the husband rapidly, a not uncommon story; his youthful marriage in Europe to a peasant girl of his father's choosing; his dislike for her from the start; his flight to America and his success there under a new name; his meeting with the sweet American girl; his torn conscience; and finally his marriage, despite the fact that he knew the peasant wife still lived deserted in his fatherland.

"So," the doctor went on, "I felt so sorry for her that I called the husband and wife together. I showed them the utter improbability of the real wife ever appearing; I pointed out the years of happiness they had known together until the unfortunate discovery of the letter; I showed them the disgrace to their children and the blank

future for themselves. Then I said, 'let's be sensible about this. No one knows but we three, and no one can know. Go ahead with your happy life as if there were no other wife. You have made each other happy and you will be fools to make yourselves unhappy now. Don't let the shadow of this other woman come between you.' They followed my advice and, I'm glad to say found happiness and success."

That, I realized, was not fiction. The Sunday-school-teaching physician had actually given his sanction to bigamy and adultery as the proper solution of a difficult problem. He and my authors of an hour before were singularly in agreement.

Mr. Chesterton recently said that he is a Catholic because the Church was the only institution that faces the fact of sin. Three experiences like that, out of a dozen similar ones, seem to show that he told an unpleasant truth. The novelists and the physician put the individual so far ahead of the law that they were fully persuaded that these individuals could smash through the law without doing any real wrong. The moral law was to them as easily dispensed as the traffic ordinances. Certainly it gets generally much less attention than the Volstead Act.

The fact that there might be a difference between right and wrong which no set of circumstances could modify, the fact that telling individuals they are absolutely free to disregard the law is the same thing as ruling the law out of existence, bothered them not the least. In each conflict between individual and moral law, the individual, glamorous, appealing, tear-stained, sorrow-laden, completely blocked out the inexorable law.

The consequence of such an attitude is evident enough for anyone who wants to see it: moral chaos making our social world as mad as would be the downtown traffic of a big city if all the traffic squad were sent to the suburbs, all the traffic laws repealed, and the motorists told to go at their own sweet will.

Catholic philosophy has been convinced of this from the start. No individual, it held, can come ahead of the moral law, as no individual can be above it. It is not that the Church lacks human sympathy. No organization is half so pitiful as she toward sinners; her confessional is often their only refuge. Nowhere does the prodigal find a welcome comparable to hers. She will take back the dying libertine or the murderer on the scaffold even if the pharisees and puritans point fingers of scorn. But she takes them back on condition that they face the fact that there is a law, that they have broken it, and that they are hence guilty of sin. Always, though, the law is above the individual, for the law is meant for the protection of mankind, and no individual can smash through the very thing that protects the human race.

Violations of the law are not the things that destroy the law. The law is destroyed only when violations of

it are really justified and regarded as morally correct.

We may put it concretely thus. Under the impulse of a consuming passion, Jones steals his neighbor's wife. The natural law deep in his heart and hers, cries out that they are guilty. To ease his conscience, he comes to the priest, tells the story of his hopeless love, the urge of opportunity, the flight. "I simply cannot live without her," he says; "tell me that our love has justified our act."

The priest out of his wide experience knows the force that has driven Jones to this act. But back of Jones he sees a law that was not made by man but by the Creator of man; and back of the law he sees millions of other Joneses waiting for his answer. All his sympathy is with Jones, for the woman loves him, they were unhappy separated, and her husband was a brute. Yet he knows that he must answer not merely for the sake of Jones but for the sake of the million potential Joneses who are safeguarded by that law from turning this world into a pigsty, a stable of Centaurs stealing their brides from the marriage table, a swift riot of illicit lovers who, once they heard Jones justified in his course, would say, "The law no longer holds for Jones; it does not hold for me."

Moved by pity, let us suppose, he gives Jones leave to break the law. Does it end there? Jones now knows that under some conditions even an immutable law may be smashed with perfect justice. And so do the other expectant Joneses who promptly act on his justifying permission. Then as the years go by and his love grows bitter and the wages of sin are piled high to his account, he is again faced with the desire to break the moral law. A kindly bullet would so easily solve it all. So he argues, "If the law against adultery might have its exceptions, this law, certainly no more important, against suicide, must have. I am justified now as I was then, for the law is not above the individual." And with the calmness of one whose course is plainly right, he places the pistol to his head.

You see clearly enough what has happened. Had Jones merely violated the law, the law would still stand; the million other Joneses could not have argued from his case to a like right for themselves, and when, with later years, Jones had faced the temptation to suicide, he could not have salved his conscience with the justification of a former legal permission to treat the law as non-existent.

It was not his violation of the law that was disastrous, but the fact that he was told that his violation was perfectly moral. For if Jones may elope with one neighbor's wife, why not with two, or twenty? And if Jones may do so, why not Smith and Robinson and White? If the moral law, which means simply the law of conduct for the human race, does not hold for one member of that human race, it holds for none of them.

The individual is always attractive, as the law is usually repellent. One tear from an azure eye will dissolve all the principles and codes in the world. One heart-rending cry from a strong man will drown the arguments of all your moralists. It had done just that for my writers as it had done it for my doctor. They had looked so tenderly on

one individual that the great law without which human beings would be worse than savages seemed unimportant. In their sane moments, if asked the point-blank question: What do you think of murder, adultery, suicide? they would have answered correctly. But when they were asked: What do you think of this murderer, this adulterer, this suicide? they flung consequences to the wind, and crashed through the great defensive wall of the moral law.

When the Church makes individuals suffer for the sake of some law, she is thinking beyond the law to the millions of other individuals for whom that law is the surest safeguard. She does not love the law; she loves the human race whom that law defends. The writers and the doctor, in their pity for the individual, forgot the rights and perils of mankind.

The Triumphs of Newman's Failures

JOSEPH J. REILLY

(The second of two articles)

WHEN Newman was half-way through his task of combating Protestant hostility to his new Faith, by delivering a series of lectures called "The Present Position of Catholics in England," he learned that Birmingham was invaded by an Italian ex-priest named Giovanni Achilli, who advertised his eagerness to disclose to the world the "abominations of Rome" as he had seen them "from the inside." Newman was promptly apprized of Achilli's shameful past, assured that documentary evidence was at hand to prove him a degenerate, and advised to seize the moment and expose him. He did so and neither Cicero against Verres nor Burke against Warren Hastings equalled the single page in which the cold irony of the suave Oratorian stripped Achilli of the last rags of respectability.

As a measure of self-defense Achilli sued Newman for libel. To the defendant's consternation the documents to support his charges failed to appear. One of the most celebrated trials in Victorian England followed and the amazing revelations of a group of women witnesses brought over from Italy proved Achilli's infamy to every one except the presiding Justice and a jury whom intolerance made blind. Newman was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of £100 and the costs of the trial which reached the staggering sum of £12,000 additional. Here indeed was a double defeat, and Newman bowed his head. This was his reward for championing Truth and seeking to silence falsehood.

Where in England was there a voice to be lifted up in protest against this travesty of justice, this shameless flaunting of religious prejudice? As if in answer to that question there came a ringing response, swift, mordant, decisive. It was the greatest organ of public opinion in England that spoke and it denounced the trial editorially as "indecorous in its conduct" and "unsatisfactory in its outcome," and proclaimed the whole affair a "great blow to the administration of justice" which would injure both at home and abroad "the estimation of the English

name and character." There spoke the great section of the English people which had not ceased to believe in intelligence and fair play, and Newman, hearkening, knew that his moral defeat was already turned to victory.

But his anxieties were far from over. How could he ever hope to discharge the crushing burden of costs? The question was one to give him pause but scarcely was it put before the answer was given. From every corner of the Catholic world, as by a common impulse, contributions poured in to him wiping out the debt to the last farthing. Read the dedication of the "Idea of a University" and you will find there the record of his gratitude which rings with the exultant note of this new and undreamed-of victory.

The mass of Englishmen never forgave Newman for "going over to Rome." They were unable to understand his type of mind, his eagerness for truth, or the delicacy of his conscience; and his years of doubt and self-questioning implied in their eyes merely a deviousness of intellect quite at variance with British candor. That feeling persisted for nearly twenty years and suddenly found expression in a way that broke in upon the quiet of Newman's retirement like a pistol shot.

Canon Kingsley had the ear of the British public. He was its ideal of a British clergyman—bluff, hearty, two-fisted, impatient of subtleties, to whom Rome was the "scarlet woman" and "Good Queen Bess" the ideal of saintliness. Newman's star was in eclipse. The great things he seemed born to do were either left in abeyance or given over to other hands. The world passed by his lowly door and paid no heed to him. He who in his Oxford days had been accounted a great man was rapidly becoming a mere name, the foremost "might have been" of his generation.

Then one day in January, 1864, Canon Kingsley published a book review in *Macmillan's Magazine* in the course of which he declared, "Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy," and quoted Newman as supporting that attitude.

At first Newman was stunned. *He* an advocate of lying? Why, he had given up the most brilliant of Anglican careers in order to follow the truth! He protested to Kingsley, but in vain. He could not appeal from him to the bar of public opinion because there he already stood condemned and he knew it. His great renunciation was not heroism in the public mind but moral cowardice and in that universal conviction Newman beheld his fourth great defeat.

Newman was sixty-four years old, sensitive, reticent, delicate of health. But there is no saintliness without pluck, and Newman decided on a bold stroke. He would lay bare his inmost thoughts, his secret aspirations even from boyhood for the world to see, and he would trust that his sincerity would carry conviction to his audience. He began the "Apologia" and wept as he wrote, re-living the wonder-years when his Tractarian fellowship dreamed great dreams for Anglicanism and young Oxford treasured his lightest word; shuddering again at the memory of lowering doubts and lost horizons; treading once more with leaden steps his *via dolorosa*.

That was a great story and as each instalment of it appeared, all England paused to listen. When it was done, Newman had achieved a modern miracle: with a stroke of the pen he revolutionized English public opinion, turned suspicion into confidence, detraction into praise, dislike into affection. The bitterness that had smouldered for twenty years and finally burst into flame was quenched forever and once again Newman scored a memorable triumph.

In December, 1869, the Vatican Council convened and the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was pronounced. Newman had been opposed to this course, not, as he was careful to make clear, because its acceptance gave him a moment's hesitancy but because he felt that the definition was inopportune. "When," he wrote, "has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion, and not a stern, painful necessity?"

Newman's attitude evoked a storm of criticism from the powerful group of churchmen (among them Cardinal Manning) who held for immediate action. The Vatican Council was in session for almost a year and Newman saw the party of his sympathies, the Inopportunist, defeated.

Protestant England growled and grew sullen and finally its powerful spokesman, Gladstone, struck savagely at the doctrine as compelling Catholic Englishmen "to put their loyalty to their government at the mercy of a foreign potentate."

Gladstone was a great figure in English eyes and his implied indictment of Catholic loyalty was the echo of a sentiment that could not be ignored. The reply of Cardinal Manning fell on deaf ears and the efforts of other defenders to support him proved fruitless. It was then that all eyes were turned to Newman, as the only English Catholic whose reply would command a universal hearing.

The gallant old controversialist, on the eve of seventy-four, though his stiffened fingers were slow to move, took up the pen he had thought to be done with forever and in his masterly "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" explained Infallibility, silenced Gladstone, satisfied the Protestant public, and laid to rest the whispers which had attempted to impugn his own attitude toward the doctrine. With one master-stroke he vindicated his Church, his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and himself. "A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" marked the fifth victory of Newman's career.

Newman loved Oxford. When he left her on his conversion it was with the lament upon his lips that she had failed to know her own, had turned her face stonily away from them, and had cast them from her bosom. His name which had been one to conjure with was to become a by-word, pasted up on every buttery hatch; caricatures of him leered out from shop-windows; he who had been hailed as the Moses of a new dispensation, was now branded as the "hireling" of the "Babylonian woman." He had loved Oxford as the center of his youth, his dreams, his dearest friendships, his spiritual crusade. He had given her his all and she saw him depart with a laugh of derision. That was indeed a defeat!

Except for an occasional glimpse of her "dreaming

spires" from the railroad train, Newman lived through thirty-two eventful years before he again had sight of Oxford. It was Trinity, his own college, "the seat of my affections at Oxford," that broke the long silence, summoning him back at seventy-eight to receive an honorary degree, to be fêted by a distinguished company, and toasted in her name by Viscount Bryce. He was deeply touched, so deeply that he called it "a great compliment, perhaps the greatest I have ever received." And so it was. But it was more than that and Newman, remembering the bitter defeat of 1845, might have called it one of the greatest of his triumphs.

But a greater compliment and a sweeter victory were at hand. Newman was nearly eighty; his original work was done. He had kept the faith; he had fought the good fight; he had devoted the noblest and most brilliant pen of the nineteenth century to the cause of the Catholic Church.

Once during his "campaign in Ireland" to establish a University, a whisper got abroad that he was to receive the miter. But the whisper died down the wind, a quarter

of a century passed, miters and the purple went to others but to him Rome gave no sign.

He dreamed of some overt act of hers which would put the seal of supreme approval upon him, upon his work, upon his life. He looked back over the eventful decades wistfully, conscious that every defeat had been turned to victory—save this alone. The shadows lengthened steadily but still Rome was silent.

One day in 1878 Pius IX was gathered to his fathers, Leo XIII ascended the papal throne, and almost at once his eyes turned toward the Oratory at Birmingham and the white-haired old priest who dwelt there with no mark to proclaim him the ablest defender of Catholicism in the English-speaking world. Then Rome moved swiftly and graciously, as Rome can, investing him with the purple, elevating him to a place among her Princes, setting upon him forever a seal of that approval which he craved so long. Once again the special Providence that seems to have watched over him turned the bitter in his cup to sweet. It was his last great victory, and like all his victories, it flowered from defeat.

Hard Corner

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

(Last of a series of articles on the Negro Problem)

THE Packard sedan swung softly to a rest by the roadside, and a bejewelled hand gently revolved the window-lever. "Can you inform me, Reverend Sir," came a modulated voice from the owner of the hand, "where, please, I might find Hard Corner?"

"Madam," I replied with as much dignity as was possible with both arms full of bats, toys, and basket-balls, "Hard Corner is hard-by, close to yon left-hand turn. But far, far more fain should I be, if I could tell you where you could *not* find Hard Corner."

The particular "Hard Corner" which this so tremendously "arrived" personage was seeking, though it is still a gathering-place for whatever uncouth element may float to the top in the neighborhood, has been somewhat softened by the general taming influences of Church and school. It has its peaceable, as well as its turbulent adherents. But the type is the same everywhere. There are Hard Corners in every rural community, to which, as to an eddy in the stream, all the chaff and trash of rural idleness will gravitate.

The obvious complaint against Hard Corner is that it keeps the decent citizen awake at night. But so also do owls, turkey-gobblers, babies, and other phenomena, none of which, however, need to be abolished. A much more serious evil than that of local disorder is the fact that all and sundry Hard Corners are the fountain-head from which our city colored population is supplied. The shiftless, aimless life of the country district not only flows into Hard Corner, but flows over and out of it upon the city streets, due to the process by which our city population is being fed from the oversupply of country youth. The meaner, the less ambitious, remain to shine the paint of

its porch-posts, and keep up its traditions of crap, waste of money, waste of time, debt and mortgage. The more capable and reliable leave, to the infinite detriment of the entire community, but leave with an aimless, often a perverted, outlook on life.

For dealing with Hard Corner in its after-effects, we have the great mechanism of Church benevolences in our cities, of municipal and state charities and corrections. For dealing with the *source* of the evil, we have neither thought, means, nor enterprise.

The Hard Corner problem is not new in itself, but it is new to us Catholics. Only of late, with the increased influx of the rural colored population into our northern cities, have we realized the menace of such conditions, not only to the rural population as such, but to our urban communities as well. Nor has the call of ordinary Christian charity been sounded till of late the mission spirit of concern for every element in our Catholic population has begun to arouse us.

But to do anything for Hard Corner means a change in the lives of its adherents: and there can be no such change unless they be shown what to change to, and how that change is to be accomplished. As the Treasurer of the Ethiopian Queen remarked to the Apostle Philip: "And how can I unless some man shew me?"

The words written thirty years ago by Booker Washington, concerning the needs of his section and day, still apply with an unearthly aptness:

Some time ago it was my misfortune to see a Negro sixty-five years old living in poverty and filth. I was disgusted, and said to him, "If you are worthy of your freedom, you would surely have changed your condition during the thirty years of freedom

which you have enjoyed." He answered: "I do want to change. I want to do something for my wife and children; but I do not know how—I do not know what to do." I looked into his lean and haggard face, and realized more deeply than ever before, the absolute need of captains of industry among the great masses of the colored people.

It is possible for a race or an individual to have mental development and yet be so handicapped by custom, prejudice, and lack of employment as to dwarf and discourage the whole life. This is the condition that prevails among the race in many of the large cities of the North; and it is to prevent this same condition in the South that I plead with all the earnestness of my heart. Mental development alone will not give us what we want, but mental development tied to hand and heart training will be the salvation of the Negro.

There is no perplexing question or problem in deciding what needs to be shown to those young men. A visit to Hampton Institute or Rock Castle in Virginia, or to Tuskegee in Alabama, will show what can be done for the rural community by the application of the practical lessons taught by Booker Washington, plus the dictates of ordinary Christian character-training. Above all that the most highly organized non-Catholic social work can suggest, the Catholic Church offers as the sum and summit of its social teaching the sublime virtues and the practical lessons of the holy house of Nazareth: the daily life of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Select the best experience of the long-trained secular rural workers and unite it to the practical ideals of the Church, and you have all that needs to be shown to those drifting young men.

The real problem is not what is to be shown, but who is to do the showing. Others may suggest a better answer, but it appears to me that whatever agencies we may depend on for the immediate instruction of Hard Corner, the ultimate solution of this problem rests on the enterprise, zeal, and intelligence of our Catholic laity.

Looking at our past record, we notice a contrast that cannot but make us uncomfortable. With all fair credit to their more abundant share of leisure, opportunity, and the world's wealth, Protestant laymen have certainly given their time, means and personal service to the welfare of the colored race to an extent unheard-of among American Catholics. Outside of the extraordinary benefactions of Mother Drexel (herself a Religious), and of Colonel and Mrs. Morell, how many instances are there in the entire history of the Catholic Church in the North—apart from the recent efforts that I shall presently mention—where any large enterprises for the betterment of the colored race has either been set on foot or sustained by any Catholic layman? We have no Countess Ledochowskas, no General Armstrongs, outside of those persons just mentioned.

No one has wished to begin. Hence the more credit to those few Catholic laymen who, with the guidance and companionship of the Archbishop of Baltimore and experienced and devoted Catholic clergymen both secular and Religious, have made such a beginning, by instituting the program of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, in Maryland. Being men of charity and vision, but not specially rich in this world's goods, they have shown on this very account the spirit of the pioneer. Through their enterprise,

and under the auspices of the Church, there has been established an institution, or rather a general program embodied in an institution, to meet the problems of colored youth at the source. It is at the source in the historical sense, for the Institute is established in our oldest and most extensive Catholic colored rural community. But it is especially at the source of the problem in an actual sense, from which source the flow to the city takes place, viz., the rural districts.

The plan of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute is not to be regarded merely as a plan for a school, nor does it even coincide with the manifold activities which branch out, by extension work, from the school throughout the surrounding community. Such activities strive, by practical demonstration and popular instruction, to meet directly the needs, moral, social, and economic of the country home. These needs are simply the needs of the normal human being, and are the same for colored as for white. Agricultural production, study of animal husbandry, domestic science, gardening, farm economics, etc., are coupled with character-training for youth, and an appeal to the natural desire for a well-ordered home life on the part of the community.

Although the work is immediately directed to the improvement of country homes, it is not for any group of people. It is simply an immediate response to the actual human situation of our colored people wherever they find themselves. Many will wish to remain in the country. Others leave the country, but carry its training with them. Others again desire to return, when they find they can enjoy a profitable and normal human life in the old home. Such a plan, now actually on foot in one community, will serve as a guide and help to many other widely distant localities.

Still looking at the colored man as sharing in our common weals and woes, a little thinking ought to show anyone that not only is much spiritual and charitable effort wasted, that is made in his behalf, as long as his home life is demoralized, but much of the educational effort as well. The Hard Corner habits carried to the college result in a pitiful débâcle. On the other hand, the habits learned in a course of rural training fit him for the opportunities of city life as well. There he learns those habits of application, observation, accuracy, responsibility, cooperation with others, careful work, experimentation, etc., which are worth everything for him in any career he takes up. If he is sufficiently gifted to proceed to higher studies, of a professional or technical nature, these same habits are still more necessary. We are continually finding the highest forms of business and professional achievement, the highest types of scholars and clergymen, among those who have enjoyed the advantages of such an all-round molding in their early years.

Moreover experience has shown that those who do not go from the rural into other spheres of life, once they have received a thorough training in the real needs of the rural home and rural community, become in their turn apostles of clean and sane living among their own, and are a benefit to the entire community. In its last analysis

Hard Corner will have to be reached from the inside, and not from without.

In concluding then this hasty glance at an enormous field of inquiry, I repeat the suggestion made at the close of the first paper. Let our Catholic laymen in the North become familiar with the Negro as a human being in a human situation like their own. They will see at first hand what the Church is now doing for the colored race. They will appreciate a little the sacrifices of our priests and of our Sisterhoods in a work that were it not rewarded by God with hidden joys of its own, with special and extraordinary consolations and graces, would be discouraging for those who now bear the burden and the heat of the day. In the instance of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, the ground has been broken and a definite need met by an immediate and practical program. Closer acquaintance with the work will show them how it can be helped, and will also show them a remarkable example of cooperation on the part of the colored Catholics themselves, through whose generosity the work is now in great measure sustained. But apart from these general considerations, there are the local conditions to be understood and coped with. There are the numberless phases of a complex situation which no theorizing can ever unravel, but only a first-hand contact of mind with mind on the high plane of charity and Christian justice.

The position in which the colored Catholic finds himself in this country is a challenge to our Catholic manhood: to our mentality, our wisdom and our missionary spirit. On our response to that challenge will depend the judgment of posterity as to the genuineness of our Catholicism.

The Boycott

HILAIRE BELLOC
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THERE is an interesting phenomenon which crops up now and then in connection with the Catholic Church and its conflict with the world.

That phenomenon I will call the boycott.

It happens to be very much in evidence in this particular place and time, the English speaking world in the year of Our Lord God, 1926. It was perhaps a little more emphatic a year or two ago, but we are not yet far past the maximum even if we are past it at all. It may get worse.

The boycott consists in attacking the arguments in favor of Catholic truth and the activity of Catholic life by the method of isolation or silence: by preventing people from knowing what they are, and by leaving them out of the picture. It is a most powerful method of attack while it lasts, but it has two very grave weaknesses. First, it is a confession of impotence which, when it is exposed, brings about a powerful reaction against those who have practiced it and in favor of those against whom it was practiced. Secondly, it cannot be kept up indefinitely.

One of the most learned men upon classical things of our generation, Professor Phillimore, has pointed out an exactly parallel phenomenon in the early third century under the pagan Roman Empire. You will find it in his book upon Appollonius of Tyana.

The boycott in those days followed in the same succession as today. First you get violent persecution, then you get irritated contempt loudly expressed and occasional persecution. Then you get the boycott—in despair as it were, other methods having failed.

But there is (we must bear in mind) a fourth phase; the boycott fails and the Faith comes into its own.

It is, I suppose, necessary to point out that this social phenomenon, the boycott of the Catholic Church, is fully conscious only in a few, less conscious in varying degrees in most of those who practise it, hardly conscious at all in very many; certainly unappreciated by the masses which it affects. Most honest men and women about us would tell us the boycott did not exist. It would seem to them the complaint of a disordered fancy. Those who actually practise it are for the most part not guilty of very deliberate motive; only few with clear intention and will.

I say it is necessary to emphasize this because any short statement in such affairs lends itself to misinterpretation, and also because our opponents are touchy in the matter.

But so much having been said it remains true that the boycott is the chief weapon against the Catholic Church here and now in use.

It takes all sorts of forms. One of the most common is the refusal to coordinate the various parts of Catholic activity. A Catholic writing here upon history, there upon biology, a third upon physical science, a fourth upon a philosophy is treated in each case as an isolated example of unreason or peculiar faddishness. The critic does not tell the reader "this is an effect of the Catholic mind: this is a product of a great philosophy to which we are opposed but which is formidable in power—for indeed it made European civilization." He is given the impression, on the contrary, that an odd fellow has sprung up saying something quite absurd or that a man, otherwise reasonable and well instructed enough, is quite mad upon a particular point.

More efficient forms of boycott are not to notice Catholic writing at all or to report Catholic activities. Yet another is to allude to all things in a hole-and-corner way, as much as to say:.

"We suppose something must be mentioned of this uninteresting and piffling little affair, but it is hardly worth big type or anything but the smallest space."

Another negative form of the boycott is the treating of anti-Catholic things quite out of scale with their importance, and this is particularly the case with the report of men and movements in countries of Catholic culture such as France, Italy, Spain, and the German civilization of the Rhine and Danube. The whole mass of work produced on the Catholic side is ignored, and the work produced upon the other side is absurdly exaggerated.

I could give countless instances of the thing: here is one. Every educated person is made familiar with the writings, or at least the fame, of an excellent French writer, remarkable for his style, who wrote under the assumed name of Anatole France. All the effort of this man was strongly anti-Catholic. For ten English-speaking men who are familiar with that name there is perhaps one

man familiar with the name of an equally great writer, probably a greater writer, upon the other side, who was not himself a practical Catholic, but whose whole work was in support of the Catholic tradition, Maurice Barrès. In Europe Barrès was as famous as France. In England and America he was almost unknown.

Again, enormous revolutions (for they are no less), such as the expulsion of religious congregations in France by an abominable anti-Christian oligarchy which had captured the political machine, are mentioned indeed, but their enormity is never emphasized. Between fifty and sixty thousand men and women occupied in teaching were forbidden to teach; very many of them were exiled, their schools were closed, and the desire of the parents to have their children brought up as Christians impudently overridden. This main capital event in social history of contemporary Europe appears in our press as something less important than an armaments bill or a shuffling of official salaries among the official gang of a foreign parliament.

The boycott is at its worst in what I may call official history, for there it affects the mind not only of the general anti-Catholic public around us, but of Catholics themselves. So little are people aware of this that when an historical judgment, accurate and just because it is in the Catholic tradition, is presented to them, it appears as a sort of oddity which may raise a smile, but is not to be taken seriously; and this attitude is being discovered more and more widely throughout the Catholic body itself.

The process has gone so far that the only correction of history one comes across in this connection is an occasional protest upon some isolated detail, important no doubt, but not affecting our general view of the past. Particular characters—Mary Tudor, for instance—are defended. Particular anti-Catholic exaggerations are pointed out for criticism. But the general view is left standing. The Puritan minority of the Seventeenth century is set up as the English people. The strong forces behind James II are ignored. The vile personal character of William III is glossed over. The difficulty all the iron machinery of torture, spying, and ruthless execution had to eradicate the Faith from a nation which pathetically clung to it, and was, with the utmost efforts, only robbed of it through the course of a whole century—is left either unemphasized or ignored. And, indeed, the average reader is led into a sort of vague opinion that the English were always Protestant at the bottom, and that the Reformation was no more than the expression of their latent character—which is about as historical as it would be to say that the English were always teetotalers, and that the present organized effort to make them such was only the liberation of an intensely English spirit to be found throughout the ages.

It is notorious that the mere statement of an evil is but half an effort. One must propose a remedy. The remedy for the boycott is perpetual protest. All secret things have this joint in their armor—that they dread exposure. Well, it is our business to expose the weapon which is used against us, to watch for its action in every department, to protest against it continually and loudly. If that attitude be adopted, people will find how efficacious it is.

Sociology

Our Catholic Frontier

J. L. F.

THE Fourth Annual Catholic Rural Life Conference, held in Cincinnati on October 20 and 21, was stirred by an enthusiasm which augurs a great awakening of interest throughout our country in the problems of our religious frontier. For, as Archbishop McNicholas remarked at the luncheon given to the visiting delegates at his Seminary in Norwood, the Catholic Church has its frontier life in the United States of today. It is to meet the problems of that life that Father Edwin V. O'Hara has promoted the Rural Life Conference with indomitable perseverance.

Nothing has roused our American imagination like the story of the frontier. It is the theme of our popular novels, the stage and the movies. Today we Catholics are slowly awakening to the drama of the foreign missions. But hardly a handful realize that a stern frontier warfare against ignorance, bigotry and physical hardship is waged today in the rural districts of practically every diocese in this country. Even the great urban Archdiocese of New York has its rural pioneers at this moment.

Moreover no army is stronger than its outposts; no stream can rise above its source. Yet the weakest part of our Church today is found in its religious outposts in the country. Excepting what we derive from immigration—itsself a rural problem once removed—the rural parishes are still the fountain-head of the Catholic population of the cities. Although nearly half the population of the United States is situated in the country, only ten per cent of our American priesthood is occupied with anything like rural life. Protestantism has there its last and most powerful stronghold.

If you read the surveys of rural districts which appear from time to time as the result of special investigations conducted by the various secular and denominational boards, you find in them the assumption that rural religious welfare is the natural appanage of Protestantism. The appearance of any form of Catholic parish life is regarded as an accident, hardly worthy of serious consideration. Every social and religious influence combines to discourage the Catholic farmer in his faith. Leakage from the Church has long passed all reckoning. Yet instead of demonstrating in those districts the most characteristic features of Catholic society: the moral strength and religious vitality of the Catholic home, and the cooperative activities of the Catholic parish—we are obliged to show ourselves helpless, weak, disorganized, often barely clinging to the vestiges of religious practice.

We American Catholics are cheered by the compliments of Europeans to our grand structures of urban Catholicism, which sometimes appear to compare favorably with their own achievements. But were we to go back to the domestic source of urban Catholic life, the realm of Catholic rural homes, were we to compare our struggling rural parishes, hampered beyond measure by the general

apathy of our public, with the vigor of a *Boerenbond* of Belgium or the *Casse Rurali* of Italy, I doubt if these compliments would flow to us quite so spontaneously. We do not ask our distinguished visitors to accompany our country pastors over muddy roads, after the late Mass celebrated in a smoky shack of a church, in a search after the children of Catholic parents married by the Squire.

The purpose of the Catholic Rural Life Conference is to arouse public opinion on this very point. How earnestly those, who themselves are engaged in active rural work, feel about the matter was apparent at the meeting in Cincinnati, attended by representatives of thirty-five dioceses, from nineteen States and from Canada. No one could have listened to the eloquent words of Father Carey, the President of the Conference, and not have noticed the echo they produced in the minds of those who had many of them spent a long lifetime of sacrifice in the mission field. The establishment of Diocesan Conferences, inaugurated last year in Baltimore with a following of new recruits this year, East St. Louis being the latest to join the movement, is focussing local attention on local rural questions, and giving the country pastor an opportunity for that open discussion of his daily troubles from which he has been usually cut off.

The problem is the same everywhere: the relation of the country population, as the actual source of our child-life, to that of the city. The fact that the farm population of the United States, roughly 35,000,000 in number, furnishes some 4,000,000 more children annually than does either of the other two population groups, small town and city dwellers, (each of which number also about 35,000,000) is itself sufficient indication of what this problem implies.

The program, however, of the Rural Life Conference, is manifold. The various questions touched on at its meetings fall into two categories. Those pertaining to Church work in the usual sense, such as parish organization, catechetical teaching, parish schools and their support, are usually treated at the opening sessions. The closing sessions dealt with the economic and social problems of the farm, in which connection the experiences of well-known non-Catholic rural workers are often of great assistance. Such matters are boys' and girls' agricultural clubs; rural credit unions; cooperation with State agricultural agencies, etc., all of which are vitally connected with the religious welfare of the Catholic rural dweller, since all touch in some way on the structure of the rural home. But the problem of the church in the rural sections is largely the problem of the rural home, based on the principles of Christian justice and the religious ideals of the Holy House of Nazareth.

Despite this rapidly growing program, Father O'Hara and his associates in the study of rural problems have not waited for the solution of everything before beginning anything. The religious vacation schools, set on foot by the Conference, are now functioning in twenty-five dioceses of this country, and are doing a splendid work toward the instruction of Catholic children in the Faith in some of the ten thousand Catholic parishes which have no

schools, as well as preparing the way for the establishment of parish schools at a later date.

Father McDermott's interesting report, given at this meeting, of a wide and painstaking inquiry into the actual motives governing farm boys and farm girls in their choice of life, is only one of the many beginnings that have been made toward the gradual working out of a Catholic Rural program that will in due time enable us to cope with the real conditions of our religious frontier.

Education

Classics for Children

SISTER MARY ANGELA KING

THE opening doors of class-rooms last September ushered in many problems in the teaching of English. One of these problems, which carries with it a weight of importance, has been appearing with persistent regularity year after year. What classics shall we teach to Catholic students?

I am a teacher in a rural school in southern Mississippi and my problem is to find Catholic literature in convenient and attractive form to present to my pupils. The lists of suggested and required readings doled out to long-suffering teachers rarely contain the work of any Catholic author. Yet we have a heritage of wonderful literature and it is a crying shame that it is not known by our young people of today.

I was early taught to judge literature by a standard dictated by reason and sanctioned by revelation—the standard of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. It has been my aim to pass this standard of literary appreciation to my pupils and to train them to use it intelligently. Children delight in using it, too. We are living in a standardized age and our young people are eager to test the tools with which education equips them. Applying this test they find much of the material offered to them for study and reading falling far below the standard, and, their cry is, "Give us something good."

Last September I placed on the blackboard Wordsworth's "Daffodills" and Francis Thompson's "To a Snowflake," and asked the pupils to judge according to the standard and tell me what they thought about the two poems. Not one in the class had ever heard of the poems or the authors; hence their opinions were not prejudiced by text-book information. My pupils also understand that an opinion is simply worth the truth of the statements that support it, but that every honest opinion is to be treated with respect. The class unanimously chose "To a Snowflake" as the better poem, and one little dancing Dixie maid remarked naively, "'The Daffodills' just lifts your feet, but 'To a Snowflake' lifts your heart."

That would have been the time to place many more of Francis Thompson's exquisite poems in their eager hands, but aside from the few to be found in a really charming edition of "The Hound of Heaven" with notes by the Rev. Francis P. Le Buffe, S.J., I did not know where to find any in a form suitable for classroom use.

Louise Imogen Guiney is another poet I would like my pupils to know, but how is the introduction to be accomplished? Even the public libraries in our large cities do not possess her complete works. So few know her that her dainty little poem, "Out In The Fields With God," set most attractively to music, bears the statement, "Words by Elizabeth Browning." On my desk is a little paper-covered volume of poems every child should know, with this poem credited to the same author, and I have seen it quoted in a first-class magazine and in a daily newspaper in the same way. Such carelessness is difficult to understand.

Children delight in Father Tabb's poems but where can you find a selection suitable to a class-room in the form of the moderately priced "classic"?

I have before me as I write a list of suggested readings, many of which are easily obtainable in the small attractive form that is so handy for class use. Many of these poems are to be found in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." Now, why couldn't we have a Golden Treasury of Catholic poems edited for school use? These poems need not necessarily be religious in character but they should contain nothing that could prove a menace to our pupils.

As I glance at the table I see "Thanatopsis" listed for the seventh grade. Imagine teaching seventh graders that monstrosity! Pupils of this age surely are not particularly interested in viewing this world of ours as "one great universal sepulcher." And how can you teach the resurrection of the body in the Sunday School class and on Monday explain satisfactorily the line describing the grave as "thine eternal resting-place"? No wonder that a high-school lad, whose teacher impressively assured him that Bryant wrote this poem at the age of seventeen, curtly remarked, "It sounds like it." Students of today are not easily bluffed.

Not so long ago the superintendent, with that pleasant little way he has of "happening in," visited my class just as we were reading Burke's Conciliation Speech. He asked the pupils what they thought of it, and one girl with commendable frankness declared she thought they could be very much better employed in reading something else. The superintendent asked what she would suggest placing on the course instead of Burke's essay. I confess I feared to hear her answer, thinking naturally that she would name some popular novel. But she answered briefly, "Why not read Newman's 'Second Spring'?" And really, why not?

Why do we teach the classics we do? Last summer in a University Summer School I sat near a student from a sectarian theological seminary. One day he turned to me and said, "Do you believe all that the professor says about this poem?" This poem was "The Eve of St. Agnes." I nodded, "Yes."

"Have you read it?" was his next question.

"I've taught it," I answered.

"You taught it to young people?" he questioned incredulously, and then demanded "Why?"

And the only reason I could give was, "It's in the course."

His "Why" has echoed in my ears many times this year.

Why haven't we material that is clean in matter and beautiful in form to offer to our students?

This past year would have been a most opportune time for the teaching of Calderon. Our pupils were vitally interested in every item referring to the Eucharistic Congress. What an opportunity to show forth the continuity of the Church, her superb adaptation to time and place, the masterly use of all that would tend to the greater praise of her Divine Founder, by a study of some of Calderon's Eucharistic dramas with a participation in the Eucharistic Congress of our own day! How it would have quickened the interest and have aroused a lawful pride in Catholic literature if our pupils knew that the Spanish children of the seventeenth century were taught devotion and love for Emmanuel by means of the seventy-two Eucharistic dramas of Calderon just as we manifested our devotion and love for the hidden Christ by the wonderful pageantry and mighty choruses of June, 1926!

But think of the little fortune it would have cost to place in the hands of our students even one of Calderon's dramas translated in a worthy manner.

Some may say such classics would be too religious for our Literature classes. How explain the fact that we readily teach, without any fear of being considered too religious, the Bay Psalm Book, Emerson's "The Over Soul" or any other piece of literature that embodies a poet's religious feelings, or his spiritual aspirations?

If we were only a little more courageous, a little more eager to advance the cause of Catholic literature we would not be hesitant about facing the question of the dearth of Catholic classics in class-room form, and a nearing September would find this problem solved.

Note and Comment

Catharism
On the Campus

THERE is surely no place where men profess greater dislike for every form of religious ban or inquisition than our secular American Universities. The students learn with pained surprise that Churchmen in the fourteenth century counselled forcible suppression of the Albigensian heretics. So we too may be surprised that the doctrines of a zealous Protestant reformer, himself a University man, inspired by a "message from on high," have to be barred from Princeton University, because—and here is the strange feature of the case—he endeavors to revive some of those same Catharistic, un-human doctrines that Catholic instinct in the Middle Ages judged would be the ruin of society. In spite of all professions of broad-mindedness, once the old error is brought back to life, it produces the same loathing in the modern mind that it did in Toulouse or Narbonne seven hundred years ago: and the same remedy, flat proscription, is found to be necessary.

The leader of this new sect is following his lights

as a strict evangelical reformer of morals. That is to say, he is walking on exactly the same path of "private judgment" that was followed by the "Reformers," who are continually praised for having listened only to the "inward message" that they claimed was "given them," and so for rejecting the guiding authority of the Church. Yet his private judgment, his "Divine guidance," had led him to such a false moral and religious position that it turns the stomach of even the most ardent Evangelicals. He teaches that all sin can be "washed out" by mutual public confession of the most private weaknesses of human nature. Souls, in his system, can only be saved or "twice-born" by your practically bull-doing the poor victim into making such a humiliating self-revelation.

Morally, he robs a man of his most sacred personal rights, by forcing him to defame himself publicly. Religiously, he would make mere nervous emotion and excitement take the place of true, supernatural contrition; and act as a substitute for the one real remedy for human weakness, the help of Divine grace. He would exact the most painful kind of confession without the consolation of any absolution. What the results are, has been seen already by the unbalancing effects of some of his missions or revivals. What the common-sense college boy thinks of the stuff, need not be told. Yet had Mr. Buchman's sect received rough treatment some hundreds of years ago, from the outraged Christian moral sense of those times, he would be enshrined today in modern text-books of history as a martyr.

An Unsought Testimony

MISS MABEL CARNEY, Associate Professor of Education in Teachers College, Columbia University, has recently returned from a visit to West Africa. On the Gold Coast she visited the noted institution of Achimota, where the government is spending \$2,500,000 in the development of a native training-school somewhat similar to Hampton and Tuskegee, and our own Cardinal Gibbons Institute. In Sierra Leone, famous for its association with slave trade, she made the following observation:

The best mission school seen here and indeed the best primary school observed in all West Africa was St. Joseph's Convent for Girls under the direction of Irish Catholic Sisters. A charming and heroic picture these Sisters presented in their flowing gowns and broad-brimmed helmets with twelve and fourteen years of continuous service to their credit in these tropical areas where all other Europeans remain but twelve and eighteen months at a time. And real teachers they were too! So interesting, brisk and skilful was their teaching and so happy and sympathetic the environment of their whole institution that I had only to close my eyes to imagine myself back home in some of the best of our own schools. For nowhere in the world apparently are schools as comfortable, bright and cheery as with us.

These words, coming from a keen judge of educational institutions, and a non-Catholic, will be of interest to our readers.

Literature

Galsworthy's Blind Goddess

JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J.

DOUBTLESS John Galsworthy's name will be linked in the future chiefly with his many-volumed "Forsyte Saga," the "*Comédie Humaine*" of English letters; yet he has likewise captured modern renown with an array of grim, carefully constructed and laboriously polished dramas, the majority of which are dominated by a single, rarely changing theme. "Mr. Galsworthy," says St. John Ervine, "always has his lips tightened, to prevent him from pouring out his anger at wrong and cruelty suffered by other people," particularly by the poor. "Hatred of injustice possesses him like a fury."

In "The Eldest Son," for instance, Sir William Cheshire is insistently moral in the case of a transgression of his servant, Dunning, yet after a brief struggle pursues a directly opposite course when there is question of his own son committing the self-same transgression. "If you think that I care two straws about the morality of the thing . . ." says the offending son somewhat contemptuously.

Sir William: "It is not a question of morality. Morality be d—d."

Lady Cheshire: "But not self-respect!"

It would seem that not morality but self-respect is the determining factor with the Cheshires as with other families of the age. But that is not the point Mr. Galsworthy wishes to bring home. "Justice," is his tense if silent plea: why should a father treat his son differently from his servant when there is question of the identical sin?

In the so-called "comedy," "The Silver Box," the same thesis is upheld. The poor man, Jones, is sentenced for drunkenness and thievery, sins Galsworthy admits, but no whit worse than those of Jack Barthwick, son of a member of Parliament. And the dramatist closes his play by speaking his own thoughts with the lips of Jones: "Call this justice? What about 'im? (referring to Jack) 'e got drunk! 'e took the purse—'e took the purse but it's 'is money got 'im off—justice!"

In "Strife," perhaps the greatest of Galsworthy's dramas, there is the same irony of outlook. Usually in the clash of wills that forms the essence of tragedy one weakens before the other. What would happen in case neither yielded? Mr. Galsworthy has shown us in "Strife." After a bitter contest and much hardship suffered by the poor, the strike at Tenartha Tin Plate Works is settled, but the compromise has been reached only after the directors have overthrown their chief, the unflinching John Anthony, and the workers their leader, Roberts. When it is all over these two champions, beaten but not cowed, manifest the sincerest mutual contempt for their erstwhile cringing followers, and genuine admiration each for the unyielding qualities of the other. The dramatist's sympathies, if he displays any here at all, are apparently with neither strikers nor the company, but with the two chieftains who despite their efforts in what each deemed

almost a sacred cause, have been unjustly ousted from their positions.

In "The Mob," a certain element fired with patriotic zeal does away with one who dares to proclaim the injustice of a greedy and insignificant war of conquest; while in "Justice" itself we see ironically portrayed the manner in which society stamps out a human life for a paltry sum, because forsooth the sanctity of the law must be upheld at all costs.

This insatiable thirst for justice, for equal treatment of all men whosoever they be, is not so patent in the well-known "Loyalties," but it is the dominating element even there. De Levis, a young Jew, charges Ronny Dancy with stealing a large sum of money from him, and Dancy, backed by his loyal club friends, is induced to institute a suit for defamation of character against his accuser for the purpose of winning justice. It becomes a sort of Dreyfus case all over again. When on the eve of almost certain victory Dancy admits his guilt, we are led to feel that the injustice which has been done to the Jew is only partially repaired. After the trial De Levis enters the room where Dancy and his still loyal but crestfallen friends are gathered: "I came to say that—I'm afraid a warrant is to be issued. I wanted you to realize—it's not my doing. I'll give it no support—Don't mistake me. I don't come because I feel Christian; I am a Jew. I will take no money—even that which was stolen. Give it to charity. I'm proved right!" It is not difficult to see that the sardonic dramatist's sympathies lie with the Jew.

Since the World War Mr. Galsworthy has taken up the cause of the wounded soldier, and his cry is always, "Justice, Justice, Justice!" If those who hunger and thirst after it are blessed, surely he is thrice blessed. At the same time, he is not deserving of unqualified praise on this score. His righteousness has, I think, been somewhat exaggerated. According to many critics his peculiar excellence lies in this that he never proposes any solution, being content with simply stating both sides of every problem while remaining undogmatically, one might rather say skeptically, reticent as to his own views on the case. As a matter of fact, while he does not offer his personal opinion in so many words, it can be readily ascertained what his attitude is; and when a man whether openly or covertly sets down his philosophy of life we need not apologize for presuming to discuss it.

Notwithstanding his protests to the contrary, Mr. Galsworthy does not paint life faithfully and from a non-partisan viewpoint. We have shown that his constantly recurring watchword is "Justice," and he selects his characters, his incidents, his conversation, to show that injustice is being committed daily in every walk of life. Though he presents no express solution to the problems he handles, it is impossible to mistake his cry of revolt against modern standards and institutions, which is different from Ibsen's mainly in that it is suppressed. He is a Shylock, in a better cause than the Jew's if you will, but a Shylock none the less.

He claims to be an optimist, a true lover of the human race, because he is ready to put up with it in all its forms,

in vice as well as in virtue. Christ, the Great Lover, was not that sort of optimist. Moreover, Mr. Galsworthy, quite contrary to his platform, is not prepared to tolerate injustice, perhaps the most common of the vices of men, certainly the one most frequently represented in his plays. Even that might all be very well if his ideas of justice and injustice were not somewhat warped. "His sentiment," says Mr. Ervine again, "is in danger of becoming sentimentalism. This sometimes makes him . . . a friend of purely imaginary suffering. Hence he exaggerates the extent to which people and particularly animals suffer." Careful analysis of the examples adduced will reveal that his notion of justice is not one of abstract morality that is, and was, and ever shall be, but rather one of practical equity here and now, of equal treatment for all concerned whether rich or poor, master or servant, and regardless of whether the offense be punished or whether it be condoned.

His drama abounds in many other peculiarities. For instance, he employs climaxes but rarely. He cannot stomach the grandiose tableaux of the chief characters usually witnessed at the ending of an act. That seems too unlike real life to suit his tastes or his theories. His men and women simply stop talking without having solved their difficulties, the curtain drops, and that is the end of it. Contrary to the average modern practice, he seems to spend but little time in creating original characters. The highways and byways of ordinary life supply him with his *dramatis personae*. The cast is usually made up of an irate father who is forced to shield with his wealth a worthless, wild-oats-sowing son; then as a sop to those who are forever seeking the salacious, there must be a woman who has sinned. Occasionally the irate individual is not a father, but simply a fatherly sort of friend, who, as in "Loyalties," protects the wild, worthless young man. And thus as an ardent realist Mr. Galsworthy pictures daily vice hand in hand with virtue; but while he does not actually sympathize with vice, neither does he punish it roundly as the old dramatists do. That is a serious fault. His sole purpose seems to be to show how differently justice is meted out to the virtuous and the vicious in different spheres of modern life.

We must not forget that he is somewhat better than the majority of his naturalistic contemporaries in that he is not forever seeking the lowest and meanest and most sensual levels. Though he claims that it is the ill-mating of the real with the ideal that has killed a thousand plays, he seems to have forgotten that the masters of the old-time world-classic drama mated them in such a way as to give all the illusion of reality demanded on the stage and at the same time to lift men's thoughts, to expand their hearts, to purify, strengthen and ennoble their lives. A dash of poetry and of high ideals in the make-up of John Galsworthy would raise him from the category of "Prominent" to that of truly and lastingly "Great." Moreover, he needs to come to the realization that Arnold Bennett's Edwin came to suddenly as he wandered through the streets of Five Towns: "He was objecting to injustice as a child objects to rain on a holiday. Yet injustice was

a tremendous actuality! It had to be faced and accepted. He himself was unjust!"

And is not Mr. Galsworthy unjust also, poetically unjust to his good characters, pedagogically unjust in implicitly leading his pupils to believe that there is no place where life's wrongs will ever be righted? He is a pessimist, not because he seeks to paint men as they are, but because he fails to go far enough and tell them what they ought to be. Every Christian knows that while earth is earth and men are men, do what he will, injustice will thrive; that he whose vision does not transcend the present life must despair of having his thirst for justice appeased; that only in another life will an all-just God right the scales that have been off balance since time was born. It may be noble for a playwright to devote his life to the cause of furthering human justice, but he must remember that as a teacher of men he should urge them over and above to look beyond the present, to consider that virtue will not forever go unrewarded, that above all they must beware of Divine justice—for the wages of sin is death!

REVIEWS

Around the World in Twenty-eight Days. By LINTON WELLS. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Here is a narrative that, like a well-advertised coffee, "is good to the last drop." The race around the earth against time with a continuous speed of about 700 miles a day for twenty-eight days rouses the same thrill aroused by a long end-run on the gridiron. It is almost too exciting to read while sitting, though you will want to read it at one sitting. Starting from "The World Building," New York, on June 16, Edward S. Evans and Linton Wells traveled by steamer to Cherbourg; by automobile, train, and airplane to Moscow; by airplanes and trains through Russia, Manchuria and Japan; by fast liner to Seattle; by airplanes back to "The World Building" on July 12. Why the labor and expense? To satisfy a sporting instinct aroused by reading Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days." But not only that. Rather to convince American business men of the practicability of aerial transportation. The two adventurers planned carefully for seven months preceding their take-off. Numerous mishaps occurred on the road; insuperable obstacles were overcome with typical Yankee audacity; not a few privations and even dangers were faced bravely. While the race was on, daily releases were carried in the newspapers featuring the trip. Now we have the complete story of this thrilling adventure. Mr. Wells writes in true journalistic style. No page is uninteresting. All, who like tales of adventure, or travel, or airplanes will enjoy this book. D. L. M.

Tom-Tom. By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK. New York: Harper and Brothers.

That the colored race, allowed to work out its own destiny unhampered by the white man, is capable of attaining a very definite and relatively high social standard is the theme of this volume which should prove not uninteresting even for the general reader though naturally it will have more appeal to the sociologist, psychologist and anthropologist. Mr. Vandercook writes of his experiences with the colored folk mainly of the jungles in Dutch Guiana. He traces the history that inaugurated the Suriname Bushnegro colony, numbering about 20,000, with its three major tribal divisions, scattered over some 200 villages and covering about 10,000 square miles of territory, explains the social, religious and political customs that regulate the lives of the colon-

ists and discusses their racial, physical and intellectual characteristics. He is certainly in sympathy with the black man, pitying the tragedy that has made him the white man's inferior. The difference between them is really not one of degree but of kind and the white man's mistake is to measure the Negro's aptitude and attainments by standards by which nature never intended him to be measured. Undisturbed in his native surroundings he is no stupid, lazy savage; he is energetic, ambitious, with great physical endurance, capable of providing for his own limited wants, and enjoying an emotional and even an intellectual life, which if it be not the white man's is none the less genuine living. The Bushnegroes of whom Mr. Vandercook writes have their own system of forest law and government adapted to their environment; they have their own medical methods suited to longevity and freedom from diseases to which their white neighbors readily succumb; they have their own crafts, their own amusements, their own forms of justice. There are chapters on jungle magic and jungle music that have an interest even independently of the rest of the volume. One regrets the occasional intrusion of the author's personal religious and ethical ideas which are by no means orthodox and sometimes actually flippant. W. I. L.

A Musician and His Wife. By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$5.00.

In reading this most definite account of a musician's wife and, to a certain extent, of her husband, one wonders what Mrs. de Koven (née Farwell) might not have accomplished had she been born poor. Her active brain, active physique, and general readiness to take life exactly as she found it, that she ascribes to her Puritan descent, might have worked wonders with a tougher diet than the bewildering society events that she narrates most authentically. She knew she was started right in life, as to ancestry, upbringing, etc. This is proved beyond question by the time that Mr. de Koven appears on the scene at page 84. She was serious enough to scare the curator of the Smithsonian Institution into mild profanity by her inquiries concerning Assyriology. In Chicago, she relates, she and her friends discussed books and ideals "with that simple confidence in our own opinions which has furnished a type of conversation found to be singularly harmonious with that of wider experience." One can realize how genuine was her confidence when she succeeded in making Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Henry Sloane, Mrs. Golet, Mrs. Clewes, and ten other such immortals listen for six years to a weekly Browning recitation. Not only that, but she tackled the biography of Paul Jones, and won out in her fight for historic truth. A timid Newporter, since gone to her reward, who used to hear, through the trees on Greenough Place, the queer fumbblings of Reggie de Koven's boyish fingers on the keyboard, wondered what influence could in later years have buoyed him up into making such a bonanza of a career out of mere music. A partial answer to that question may be, that he had so capable and far-seeing a wife. Indeed, she was far-seeing enough to discover that "Jesuitical lines surrounded" the mouth of William J. Bryan. Correct as she was, even in her youth Miss Farwell shrewdly anticipated the modern flapper when the change from Lake Forest, Chicago, to the Washington ball-rooms demanded a change of tactics—and of costume. Too bad for a hearty story, that brings back on the stage so many soon forgotten figures, that it ends on a note of forlorn spiritism, and sad dreams in Egypt and Italian villas! T. N. R.

Bill Nye. His Own Life Story. Continuity by FRANK WILSON NYE. New York: The Century Company. \$4.00.

Lincoln once remarked to Sumner—and probably threw that staid Solon into a rage by so doing—that he would resign the presidency for the ability "to write things like that." The "things" in question were the amusing skits of that almost

forgotten American humorist, Petroleum V. Naseby. Bill Nye too he would have taken to his bosom, for there was much in common between the two. The man who hoped it would be said of him that as he went through life he always plucked a thorn and planted a flower wherever he thought a flower would grow, would have noted that same spirit in Nye who "knew that his simple message of good cheer could do no harm, and hoped and believed it would do some good." For Nye was not a pantalooned clown evoking the hee-haws of the rabble by his skill with a slapstick. While much of what he wrote was, as he said, "for this day and train only," in his finer moments he was a satirist, but one who tipped his darts with kindness. In his own poor weak way, he explained, he sought "to make folly appear foolish and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors." Usually, however, he spoke of his own errors; it was healthier, he thought, especially when those others in whom error dwelt were large and muscular. Nye never had recourse to slang or bad spelling, and in nothing that he published is there the slightest touch of impropriety. The volume preserves the best of Nye's stories, and the excellent continuity helps to make it one of the most delightful books of the year.

P. L. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Troubadours and Rogues.—One realizes that the libel laws do not protect the dead but just why a reputable firm like the Century Company should lend itself to offending its many Catholic patrons by the publication of a volume such as "Trails of the Troubadours" (\$3.00), by Raimon de Loi, is hard to understand. Had it any literary, historical or informative value there might be some pretext for its appearance. As it is, it is a boresome account of imaginary journeys of some of the well-known troubadours, grossly misrepresenting both them and their times and neither stimulating nor amusing. It would take all the romance from knighthood, all the poetry from the songs of the troubadours. For the churchmen it has only scoffs, for the saints only nasty innuendos and coarse ribaldry. Even the jades for whom it was ostensibly composed will be wearied with its perusal. Catholic readers have a claim for an *amende honorable* from both the author and the publishers.

"The Book of the Rogue" (Boni and Liveright. \$3.00), edited by Joseph L. French, is a proof that taking them by and large, rogues are a tedious, uninteresting folk. Fifteen rogues are here considered by title; the list is longer if the Borgias be enumerated separately. Perhaps the most colorful of the chapters is that on the Tichborne Claimant by Bram Stoker.

American Epics.—If heroism be measured in terms of worthwhile results then, though a materialistic world mostly ignores them, our Catholic nuns are entitled to a distinguished place in America's Hall of Fame. So unobtrusively they spend themselves that we scarcely advert to the efficiency of their workmanship in our midst. Seventy-five years ago a little group of Sisters of the Notre Dame of Namur left their Belgian mother-house to make a foundation, under the guidance of the pioneer Jesuit missionary Père De Smet, in the Oregon country—vast, isolated and sparsely settled. After a couple of years, hardships, privations and religious persecution along with the migration of many of the Oregonians to California following the discovery of gold there, induced them to abandon their northern convents and at the request of Archbishop Alemany establish themselves first at San Jose and later on elsewhere in his archdiocese. The dramatic and edifying story of the upbuilding of their academies with the sorrows and joys that accompanied them is told by one of the Religious in "In Harvest Fields by Sunset Shores" (Belmont, California: Notre Dame College), a volume commemorative of their Diamond Jubilee on the Pacific Coast, occurring this year. The account is a glowing chapter in the history of Catholic education in the United

States, but it is also a tribute to the heroism of the noble women who made possible the achievements it chronicles.

While the little band of Belgian exiles were founding Notre Dame on the Pacific Coast another generous group of saintly women were laying the foundations of Catholic educational and charitable work in New England. The splendid accomplishments of the Sisters of Mercy in the capital city of Rhode Island and its environments, makes up "Seventy-Five Years in the Passing" (Providence: St. Xavier's Convent), written by one of the Religious. The initial foundation was made by nuns from Pittsburg at whose head was Mother Xavier Warde, herself trained in the ways of Mercy by the foundress of the Order, Mother Catherine McAuley, in Ireland. This story too is a record of suffering and persecution but it is also a story of splendid triumphs, for the little seed planted in 1851 has grown to a mighty tree, spreading its branches into the neighboring States, and even to the South and the West, to Arkansas, Tennessee and elsewhere.

Tales of Manly Boys.—How Tommy Barry, a new-comer at St. Michael's, proves his timber and despite a very costly mess manages to gain a place on the football team is told in a way that manly youths will enjoy in "Making the Eleven at St. Michael's" (Benziger. \$1.00), by John R. Uniack. That it is a maiden attempt by the author at book writing for Catholic adolescents makes it the more welcome and doubtless its readers will await hopefully other stories about lads of the type of Barry and his chums.

Further interesting experiences of the little group of Holy Cross College students of whom Andy Carroll was the hero and to whom Irving T. McDonald introduced young America last year, are told in a stimulating fashion in "Schooner Ahoy" (Benziger. \$1.25). Andy and his friends vacation at Provincetown and from the start of the trip to its finish though mishaps often dog their steps—rather their autoing—and tragedy often threatens, they have a wholesome and enjoyable time. Andy's honors are shared with Mugsy, a delightful addition to the group.

Mostly for Girls.—"Mary Rose Graduate" (Benziger. \$1.00), is a Mary Mabel Wirries story of the stirring events that disturbed the usual routine of a convent girl's senior year. Posey's reform of the academy snob and her dramatic capture of a night prowler in Mother Superior's office are excitingly told. Her passing, almost in an hour, on graduation night, from irresponsible girlhood to mature and promising womanhood is especially well done. It was good of the author not to send her heroine into a cloister in the last chapter.

There was once a time when there were no automobiles, no radio, no motion-pictures; children of today can hardly believe that. Of this time, about forty years ago, Elizabeth Lee writes in her "All Summer to Play" (Murphy. \$1.75). The five Carroll children, of whom the most important are John and Sally, spend the summer months on a farm; they do manage to have a most delightful time despite the fact that there are no modern inventions there to distract them from their berrying parties, hay-riding and tournaments.

Ten-year-olds, boys and girls, will enjoy a bit of engaging fairyland in "With Tara and Hana in Japan" (Stokes. \$1.00), by Etsu I. Sugomoto and Nancy V. Austin, and "Eliza and the Elves" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Rachel Field; their slightly older sisters will be pleasantly entertained and at the same time learn many profitable lessons from the vacation story of "Mary and Marcia, Partners" (Macmillan. \$2.00), by Helen Cady Forbes; their bigger brothers will gather something of knight-hood and the stirring events of the Hundred Years War from "The Gauntlet of Dunmore" (Macmillan. \$1.75), by Hawthorne Daniel and will be amused by "Charlie and the Surprise House" (Macmillan. \$1.75), by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell.

Candles' Beams. Crewe Train. Heaven Trees. Brawnymen. Strangers.

Father Finn's facile ingenuity again shows itself in the six stories collected in his latest volume "Candles' Beams" (Benziger. \$1.00). In these, he does not confine himself to the tales of boy heroes as in his earlier and more enduring books. His themes are wider and his interests more varied. The novelette, "Ada Merton" is a story of the regeneration of her parents by the sweet little school girl who was called by God. "Quick Action," a romance of British Honduras, is not so convincing as the story of city life among the poor, told in "Roughneck." The title story, especially in the opening scenes, is vividly pictured and in its conclusion narrates one of those mysterious influences that God is pleased to permit. "A Point of Honor" and "Round Christmas Footlights" have each of them a salutary example of the inherent goodness of the ordinary boy and man.

Polite English society is again mercilessly satirized by Rose Macaulay in "Crewe Train" (Bonis, Liveright, \$2.00). Very few of its foibles have escaped her shrewd eyes or her brilliant pen in her "Potterism" or her "Told by an Idiot" or "Orphan Island." In her present story, she constructs a splendid machine from which to dart her shafts. This instrument is Denham Dobie, a young girl reared in seclusion and abruptly planted in an intellectual circle in London. Denham detests the eternal chatter, the useless usages and conventions, the gregariousness of her family. She is a primitive caged in by culture. With this situation as the basis of her story, Miss Macaulay proceeds to dissect and mock and satirize her fellow-subjects. By marrying Denham to a Catholic, she presents herself with the opportunity of making humorous comments on the Catholic Church. One hesitates to interpret these either as genial or as bitter; they are probably just mischievous amiabilities like her ironies on England.

For some reason or other, the literary world seemed to have been waiting expectantly for the novel that Stark Young would inevitably write. His first novel "Heaven Trees" (Scribner, \$2.00) may be a slight disappointment to his circle, not that it is not competently written but that it has so little of the novel in it. It is plotted in Mississippi of three-quarters of a century ago, and has in it all the romance that we associate with such a time and such a place. But the thread of the plot is thin. The main interest comes from the bright anecdotes, the cleverness of the conversations, and the series of well-etched character portraits.

"Brawnymen" (Knopf, \$2.50), is James Stevens' latest literary venture. In a sense, the title is a misnomer; it should be "The Autobiography of a Young Roughneck." It chronicles, in raw detail, the checkered career of "Apponoose Jim," cowhand, teamster, logger, sawyer. Jim is that unique American figure whose name must be hyphenated, the hobo-laborer. The book is very interesting, despite its rawness, and it unfolds the romance of a branch of American labor in words that throb with life. Only a Stevens could depict such characters as Paddy the Devil, Len Gager the Bard, Hard Foot Rax, Poker Tom, and Isis, the Methodist fairy-girl, who tries her sweetest and best to make something out of this overgrown, big-boned, irresponsible, care-free "boy" from Snake River. "Apponoose Jim" battles his way into the reader's heart.

"An intensely modern love story" is the blurb-characterization of "Strangers" (Doran, \$2.00), by Dorothy Van Doren. Perhaps it is, to our modern shame. Perhaps there is no finality to the marriage promises in our modern world, no restraint of passion or sex. This book is a saddening commentary on modern fidelity. There would seem to be only one commandment: do precisely what you feel like doing. Rarely is it so bluntly and so paganly stated as in this novel of advanced modernity. Two pairs of married people exchange partners and discuss the advisability of such affairs; then they try to analyze their reactions. The third young married couple that share the story suffer tragedy before they have lived long enough together to desire divorce.

Communications

The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department.

Franciscan Educational Conference Report

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In connection with the very generous notice given the Franciscan Educational Conference in the issue of AMERICA for November 6, I would take the opportunity, as Secretary of the Conference, to let your readers know that copies of the "Report" mentioned there (p. 91) are available for distribution from the Capuchin College, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

Washington.

(Rev.) FLLIX M. KIRSCH, O. M. CAP.

The Calles Propaganda

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The lengths to which the Calles propaganda is carried may be surmised from the fact that on October 21 Señor Herberto M. Sein of the Mexican Claims Commission, delivered an address before the Unitarian Laymen's League in the Unitarian Church, corner of Sixteenth and Harvard Streets, Washington, D. C., on the troubles in Mexico.

In that address, so I have been informed, he attributed the whole difficulty to the Catholic clergy, their lawlessness and lack of patriotism—they had enslaved and oppressed the people, they had kept the people in ignorance, and they had amassed riches. As to morality, the less said the better. Calles, he alleged, was only trying to separate Church and State, was carrying out the Constitution, and was enforcing the law. Publicly and privately this misrepresentation goes on. When will the truth be made known?

Washington.

ARTHUR LANG.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Please permit me to warn your readers against an insidious article on the religious situation in Mexico which appeared in an October number of the *Nation*. It is no exaggeration to say that the writer has erred in every one of his conclusions; nay, more, even in his presentation of the facts. Being a Mexican and having just come from Mexico I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

I refer especially to what the article says about that pet subject of the newspapers subsidized by Calles—the schools. The writer claims that only 129 Catholic schools throughout all Mexico were closed by the Government and that in their place 4,000 rural schools were opened. Both of these statements are false. In one State alone of the twenty-seven of the Mexican Federation I can give the names of *seventy* Catholic schools closed by the Government. The real number closed in that State is greater than this, but I give only the number of the schools which I can name. In the Federal District more than *two hundred* schools were closed. And so on in the other States, so that the total number is enormous.

Be it remembered too that the closing of a Catholic school means its confiscation and of all it contains. It is also interesting to know for what these school buildings are used after confiscation. Not for Government schools, as might be supposed, since they were built for educational purposes; but, instead, for other branches of the Government, especially the military, which is the most important in the Calles régime, or for the private use of officials, or else—worse still—as has occurred in some places, for houses of ill fame!

Regarding the 4,000 rural schools opened by Calles, these are the facts. For many years, contrary to what people in the United States have been told, the land-owners had maintained schools for the children of their farm-hands. These schools were built, equipped, and provided with teachers by the land-owners who also looked after their proper operation. What Calles has done, therefore, is not to build 4,000 new schools, but to take by force

from their owners those private rural schools, putting his own atheist and bolshevist type of teachers into them, *though still making the land-owners pay for their upkeep*. This is the secret of Calles' 4,000 rural schools!

Woodstock, Md.

Feasts of Sts. Teresa and Peter Canisius

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The first of the communications in the issue of AMERICA, October 16, discusses the matter of the official feast day of the "Little Flower." As mentioned by Father Corbett, the conclusive document of the canonization, the *Litterae Decretales* of Pope Pius XI, leaves no doubt about the question: "We have decreed that the memory (or feast) of the same St. Teresa of the Child Jesus is to be kept every year and marked in the Roman Martyrology on the third day of October." Now, the feast of St. Jerome, a Doctor of the Church, and of the *duplex* order, was not displaced by that of the new Saint, whose death happened on that day, September 30. The same should be said *a fortiori* of the feast of the Guardian Angel, a *duplex majus*, on October 2. As for October 1, feast of St. Remy of Rheims, one of the great Patrons of France, the country of the Little Flower, it is marked in the universal calendar as only *simplex ad libitum*, but in France it is everywhere *duplex majus*. This is probably the reason why that Saint was not displaced, and hence October 3, the first day available as free from any other saint's festival, was assigned to the "Little Flower."

Something peculiar was also decided in the case of St. Peter Canisius. In the respective *Litterae Decretales*, the Pope, after declaring him a Saint and at the same time a Doctor of the Universal Church, "orders that his feast is to be celebrated by the whole Church every year on April 27, instead of the day of his death, December 21." We may remark here that December 21 is the feast of St. Thomas Apostle, of the second class, on which account his feast when a Blessed was kept on the following day, December 22, in Germany and Holland, but in the Society of Jesus it was always kept on April 27, the day which now the Pope assigns to the whole Church, as of obligation, no indult being required.

Denver.

A. BRUCKER, S.J.

A Christian Mother

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article of Mary Gordon, in your issue of September 18, "The Woman's Side of It," affords matter for reflection. Although I am a mere man, I think I can appreciate her aspirations, even her feelings. But, after trying my best to put myself completely into her attitude, I find I cannot adopt the same line of reasoning.

In the first place, after concluding that a privately owned homestead was an impossibility, I should reject it from my thoughts. Thus one great source of fretting, of idle dreaming and possibly hysteria, would be removed from my already overworked brain. Then I would, with the grace of God, set about seeing to it that my children—as many as God would be pleased to give me—*did* get an education.

It can be done. Let me explain by giving an example, the example of a mother I know most intimately. She did all Mary wants to do, save get the ancestral home, and she did it *without* her husband's salary.

To begin with, this mother never allowed herself even to be tempted to "complain to Jesus and say: 'It were better for me had I never been born.'" She didn't have time for that. In fact she never had time to think of herself at all. When her husband died, leaving her with five little ones on her hands, and with hardly a cent in her purse, she did not complain; she rather repeated over and over again, what she has so deeply impressed on her children: "God knows what's best; His will be done; He will provide." Educated for social life, with no experience of

the world, left on the threshold of a bitter future at twenty-seven years of age, and with five hungry children to support, this little mother rose from the side of her husband's newly made grave and murmured through her tears: "God knows what's best!"

Without a penny of help from relatives, and extremely little from friends, she did—with a blind trust in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and a strong reliance on dear St. Joseph—what the unwidowed Mary Gordon shudders to anticipate! There was no time for dreams, for her it was a time for prayer and labor. Work as a solicitor was the first that came in her path. The rebuffs she met with as she went from door to door, the insults she received, did not make her shudder, they simply made her cling more closely to the Cross of Jesus Christ, as did the saintly model of all Mothers on Calvary. The pittance she earned kept a roof over the heads of those pledges of the Divine Love which were hers. It kept them from crying with hunger, and for the future—"God will provide!"

And He did provide. Another slightly more lucrative position was found, and she made a success of her work, although her nature shrank from it, for she was employed in clerking where her wealthy former friends came to buy. She did it because she had to. Her children went to grammar school, taught by Brothers and Sisters. One year of Catholic high school, and the eldest brother went out to bear what share of the burden he could. Three years for the second son, and he too went to work. God took the third son to Himself, in an epidemic. Again it was: "God's Will be done." The girl and the fourth son finished high school.

Then the elder boys returned to their studies, working at the same time, so that the tired but happy mother could rest. They have both received the degree of LL.B. in a Catholic university. The fourth son is M. A., and when he asked leave to enter Religion, she bowed again to the Divine demand. He will soon be ordained a priest. And there is no woman in the wide world, whose heart beats with juster pride, and truer thanks to God, though doubtless there are many, many others who have achieved as much through a faith as strong and a love of God as unconquerable.

Mary Gordon has someone else to work for her. She has four children to whom she can give full attention, and who will not be deprived of the guidance and example of a father. But she seems to be a bit impractical, a dreamer. She seems to have a lack of true, living trust in God. I hope I do her no injustice, but I really think she needs a little more courage, a little more faith. To her "L-O-V-E" and "D-U-T-Y" she should add the word: "G-O-D."

Los Angeles.

SHELLEY NORTON.

Street-Preaching

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your correspondent who writes in appreciation of my article "Lay Preachers from Boston" suggests that the Catholic Truth Guild Lecture Car pay a visit to Indiana in the near future.

No doubt the Guild's officials would be very happy to visit Indiana again, but the writer personally would like to see laymen become interested in this work, and in this way the country could be covered effectively by lay apostles in the various dioceses. The work is far too great to be left to the pioneers in one section of the country.

Catholic laymen seem to have no trouble in finding voice at election times, and also on behalf of causes which are not strictly Catholic. There is no doubt of the availability of "speakers"; it is a matter of directing their interest to the greatest of all causes—the cause which we know can never prove false. Let the Catholic laymen everywhere realize the great opportunity open to them; they will then fit themselves as lay apostles. Certainly the Bishops will not stand in the way.

Wollaston, Mass.

W. E. KERRISH.